no 216.

The Clergy, Gaby and the Sex Problem.—Page 635.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

27.

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ANOTHER GUY!

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

GRAND DOINGS BEING ARRANGED IN HONOUR OF THE AUSTRIAN HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

From Aldershot I hear that it is anticipated that the King will give a grand review of the troops in honour of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian Emperor. There will also be a gala performance at the Royal Opera. The Archduke is bringing his morganatic wife, the one-time maid-of-honour who is now Duchess of Hohenberg, and at the state banquet which will be given at Windsor the Duchess will be accorded the place between King George and Queen Mary which would be assigned to her if she were a prospective Austrian Empress. This position, however, she will never occupy, in spite of the oft-repeated statements of the quidnuncs that Franz Ferdinand intends to make a bold effort to instal her upon the consort thrones of the Dual-Monarchie when the old Emperor has passed away. It may be taken for granted that the Archduke has never contemplated any such step. He is now the father of grown-up children by the Duchess of Hohenberg, and they will rank amongst the highest nobility of Europe. But Royal or Imperial personages they will never be.

* * *

Prominent Role of the Archduke's Morganatic Wife.

This is not the first time that Franz Ferdinand has taken his morganatic wife with him upon state visits to European monarchs. When the Archduke last went upon a visit to the German Emperor, His Imperial Majesty himself took in the Duchess of Hohenberg to dinner, danced with her at the State Ball, and gave her the place of honour at his state banquet. But it is the first time the Duchess of Hohenberg has been in England, and her appearance has excited keen interest in Society. She is an extremely able and fascinating woman, though no great beauty, and her love-match with the Austrian Emperor's heir-presumptive has brought true happiness to them both.

* * *

No Chance with the Archduke for any other Woman.

Anyway, the Duchess of Hohenberg has held the Archduke's affections for twenty years, nor has a breath of any other woman ever floated across Europe during that time. His Imperial Highness has obtained from the Emperor every possible recognition for his wife, and her newest title, Hohenberg, sufficiently connotes her Royal associations. "Hohe" in Germany signifies Royalty, pretty much as "Fitz" does in this country. Most of the morganatic offspring of English Royalty are called Fitz-something, the last examples being the three sons of the late Duke of Cambridge by Miss Farebrother, the actress. Of these Admiral Sir Adolphus and Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge survive. The ten children Mrs. Jordan had by old King William IV. were all named FitzClarence, the King having been Duke of Clarence before he was called to the throne.

The Isaacs Family Selecting a Title for the New L.C.J.

Some interesting speculation has been taking place in the Court over the readiness of His Majesty to confer knighthood upon the new Solicitor-General, Mr. Buckmaster, who has already become "Sir Stanley," while so far His Majesty has made no move in the matter of ennobling the new L.C.J., who remains "Sir Rufus." I hear that this is not any intentional slight, but is owing to the difficulty the Isaacses are having in arriving at a satisfactory title. Sir Rufus has no intention of becoming "Lord Isaacs." He wants to be "Lord Reading," but his good lady prefers him to become "Lord Foxhill," after their place in Berkshire. "Foxhill," thinks Lady Isaacs, sounds so much better than "Lord Reading."

* * *

Why not "Lord Holborn"?

Between the two the Isaacs family are divided, and they are all having a say on the matter, Harry and Godfrey Isaacs being particularly apt with suggestions. One of the family wants Sir Rufus to become "Lord Holborn," and insists that the connection of the family with the London borough of over a century is full justification for the title. So it would be, of course; much more than was that other Jew-peer's justification when he became "Lord Wandsworth." Sir Rufus's maternal grandfather was one of fifteen little Cohens who were nearly all born in Holborn well over a hundred years ago. Lady Isaacs is also a Cohen, so she supports the idea of "Lord Holborn" after "Lord Foxhill." Anything, she thinks, would be better than "Lord Reading." That title ought to be left to the Palmers, when *they* climb to the Ermine!

* * *

Political Judges.

Incidentally it may be added that the appointment of Sir Rufus to the highest post in the Law Courts has been by no means accepted with the wonderful cordiality which the fulsome adulation of the Pressmen would lead one to suppose. Sir Rufus Isaacs is a very able advocate, but it is well known that an able advocate does not necessarily make a good judge. Yet without ever having tried a case in his life, Sir Rufus has been suddenly exalted over the heads of all the old and tried judges in the land. Sir Rufus has been wonderfully useful to his party, no doubt, though the Marconi business cannot have made him a greater asset; but nothing will make it a good precedent that the Lord Chief Justiceship of England should be the reward of political expediency. A splendid photograph was taken of the judges crowded round the new L.C.J. at his "swearing in." Looking at their faces one wondered what were the thoughts of some of the "old hands" at the amazing exaltation of the clever Jew over the heads of men who sat on the benches of the High Court even in the last century! Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, for instance, has sat as a Lord of Appeal ever since 1897, and has been a High Court judge for nearly a quarter of a century. The practice is not, of course, confined to one party only. Nevertheless we have no hesitation in characterising the modern custom of making seats on the High Court benches the rewards of party services as a disgrace to any Government which endorses it.

* * *

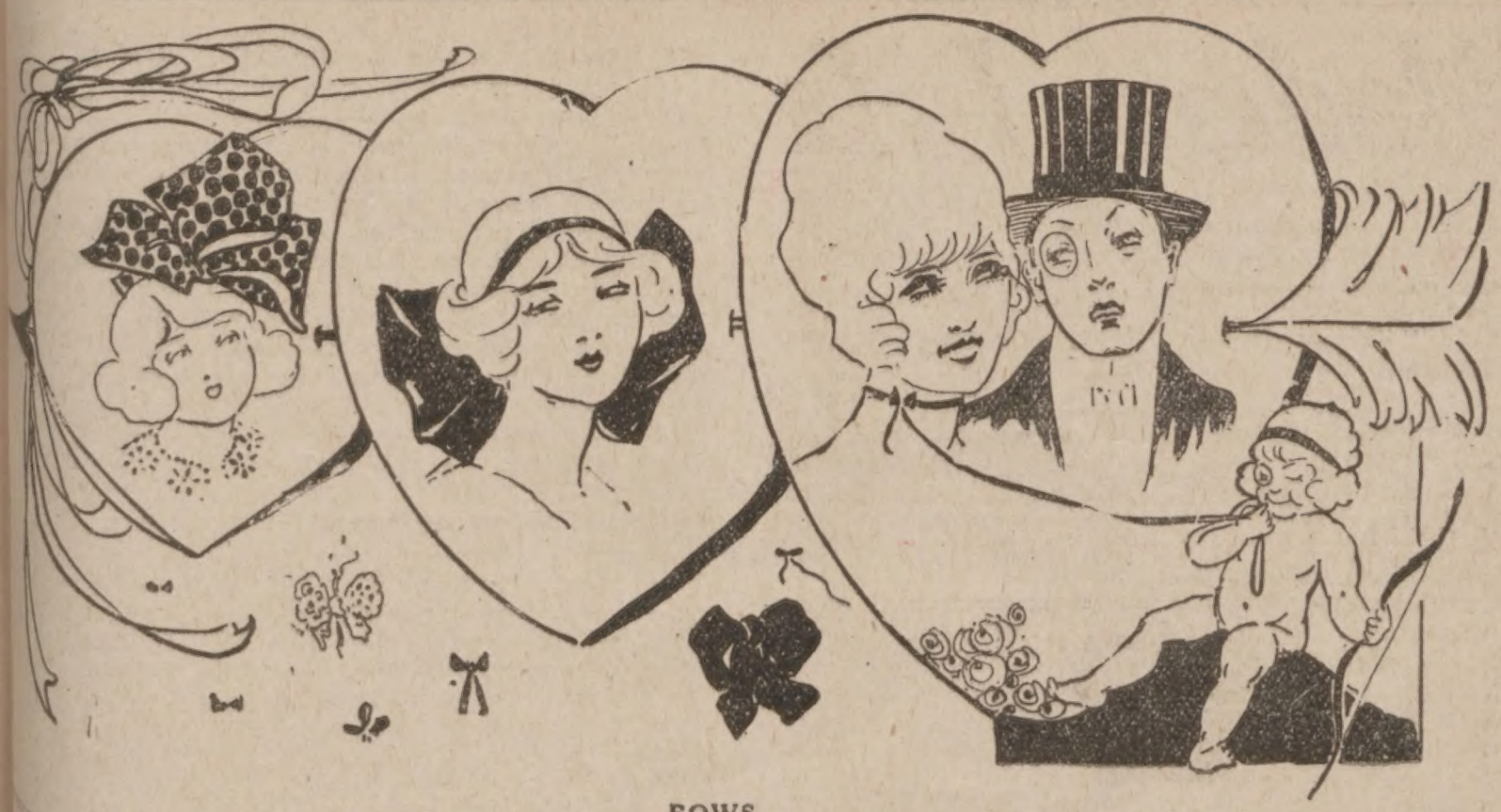
"King" Cowdray.

With the "shop-windows" of the daily papers full of the troubles of Mexico, it is interesting to note in an obscure corner of a Sunday journal, "The opinion prevails in Washington that the election of Senor Gamboa has been 'ordered' at to-morrow's polls. Senor Gamboa is supposed to be a favourite of Lord Cowdray." So you may confidently put your money on Senor Gamboa. We don't know the gentleman—never before heard his name!—but if he is Lord Cowdray's man in Mexico he will "get there" right enough. We stay-at-homes do not often realise the romantic fact that the gentleman who used to be tolerably well-known at Westminster as Mr. Weetman Pearson is now the uncrowned King in Mexico, and the silent dictator of the successive Governments there. How many millions of Mexican money Lord Cowdray controls we could not say, but he is by a long way the biggest industrialist in the middle West. In his reconstructions of Mexico City he changed the physical geography of countries; at Vera Cruz he curbed the ocean, and he set up the whole of Mexico as a paying concern by building the Tehuantepec Railway.

* * *

How Weetman Pearson has "Got on"!

This railway is one of the romances of the railway world. It cuts across the narrowest part of Mexico from sea to sea with a gigantc harbour at each end. Lord Cowdray's lease



BOWS.

another forty years to run. It is 190 miles long, pens up millions' worth of virgin soil for cultivation. mmercial instigations which led to Lord Cowdray up this big project are too wonderful to be conveyed w lines, but the job cost several millions, and its ional importance is incapable of being over-rated. owdray—Mr. Asquith made Weetman Pearson a peer ars ago—has "got on" in every sense of the word. ghter is the wife of the smart young Lord who is the epresentative "down under"; his son, a very good- youngster, is married to one of the Duke of Marl- 's Oxfordshire relations—a very pretty girl, by-the- nd his Lordship's only trouble is his wayward boy who ran away with a D'Oyly Carte Opera girl when barely eighteen, and is believed by his fond mother been regretting it ever since. Lord and Lady Cow- d a shock when they heard of the marriage, which ecret for months after, but Time has softened the nd the runaway couple are kept quiet by "necessity"

* * *

ding Ambassador.

Granville, who has been appointed to our Embassy used to be the subject of a good joke amongst his who said he was "half-a-crown to the good of any on," owing to his having once swallowed a half-crown ile doing some amateur conjuring. Lord Granville ke to put up a very remarkable record. He repre- s third generation of diplomatists in his family, and ises to attain to the same eminence which his father ndfather achieved. Lord Granville is now only 41, a long way to go in the chancelleries of Europe before nnuation need be thought of. Curiously enough, anville owns nothing in this country to keep him at hile his aged mother, the Dowager Countess, has used in Kensington Palace for many years, and there makes his home when in this country.

* * *

ho cleared away the War Clouds of Agadir.

Granvilles are scions of the ducal house of Suther- That Lord Granville Leveson-Gower whose diplomacy arded with the viscounty of Granville in 1815, and ears later with the earldom, fathered that earl who, ried of no less than forty-five years, either as Under- y or as chief at the Foreign Office, controlled the ffairs of this country. Half-a-century after his dis- ted father represented this country in St. Petersburg, ond Lord Granville followed him there as Ambassador- inary at the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Lord of to-day should desire to follow in his father's . And he has faithfully done so for nearly twenty and in recent times only the members of the F.O. how much Lord Granville stood for keeping the peace roubles between this country and Germany and France e Agadir incident three years ago. It is known that to a little to the keen personal friendship existing n Lord Granville and the Kaiser that the air was after clouds that for weeks threatened war.

A Lord-in-Waiting at Twenty-Three.

Lord Granville had the unique distinction of being made a Lord-in-Waiting to his Sovereign at the age of twenty-three. He leaves the Embassy in Berlin for that in Paris with the certainty that ere long he will be back in the Wilhelmstrasse as "top dog." His Lordship's familiarity with the Hohenzollerns is such as has not been the case with any other British noble except Lord Lonsdale. He has frequently been the guest of the German Crown Prince at his hunting-box in Silesia, and he speaks German like a Hanoverian. Lord Granville has been so long absent in the embassies of Europe that he is almost unknown at home, but he is on the right road to being "a household word" ten years hence, and those who know him say that wherever he represents Old England he will stand for peace!

* * *

The King at Houghton.

Partridges have done badly this year on most of the great shooting estates in East Anglia, but when the King shot last week at Houghton as the guest of Cora Lady Strafford and Mr. Kennard, the various "drives" were so arranged that His Majesty had good sport. A day at Houghton for shooting the "little brown bird" is an annual event with King George, as it was with King Edward, who was deeply interested in the great Sir Robert Walpole's splendid creation, and once spent several hours going over the mansion and inspecting its contents, yet numerous and valuable despite frequent statements to the effect that "most of the pictures have been sold."

* * *

A Monument to Political Corruption.

The great Georgian palace, which report says when the present tenants' lease is up will be occupied by the owner's son and well-endowed daughter-in-law—Lord and Lady Rocksavage—was built out of the money Sir Robert Walpole "made" while in office. In 1711 Walpole was expelled the Commons on a charge of corruption, and this proceeding led to the discovery that one of his opponents, the great Duke of Marlborough, had been accepting a bribe of between five and six thousand a year from a contractor who supplied bread to the Army in Flanders, an act which led to the Duke's dismissal from all his appointments. On George I.'s accession Walpole returned to office, becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. This post he resigned in two years, but he was reinstated and continued in office until 1742, when popular outcry, both in Parliament and out, compelled him to retire. Then George II., whom he had served with great zeal (and at the same time feathered his own nest), made him Earl of Orford. From the Walpoles Houghton passed by marriage to its present owners, the Marquises of Cholmondeley. Lord Rocksavage was, it will be remembered, recently married at a West End registry office to the wealthy Miss Sybil Sassoon, a union that should restore the rather fallen family fortunes of the Cholmondeleys and enable them to occupy Houghton themselves.

* * *

The "Coghlan Millions."

The death has just taken place, at Carrickmore Hall, co. Tyrone, of Lady Stewart, mother of the present baronet of

Athenry, Tyrone, Lt.-Colonel Sir Hugh Stewart of the 4th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. The deceased lady was associated with the "Coghlan Millions" case, about which much has been heard from time to time, and which in Ireland has become a sort of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce." Mr. H. T. Coghlan, of Hyde Park Gardens, died in 1892, leaving estate worth £700,000. Search was made in the house where he had lived the life of a recluse for half a century, but no will was found, and the matter came into the Courts for settlement. It was declared that Mr. Coghlan had died intestate, and a widower, "without child or parent, or brother or sister, or uncle or aunt, or nephew or niece." Sir Anthony Weldon, a popular official at the Viceregal Court, claimed to be next-of-kin, but he failed to prove his case, and the late Sir Henry Delves-Broughton was in 1894 granted letters of administration, the estate being divided between him and several members of the Delves-Broughton family.

The late baronet of Doddington, Cheshire, and Broughton, Staffordshire, inserted advertisements inviting claims from next of kin, and this led to Lady Stewart searching for missing heirs. One of two persons she found was a Dublin man in humble circumstances named Williams. Lady Stewart alleged he was the nearest relative who claimed on the Coghlan side, and that if justice had been done he should have been paid one-fifth of the estate. So strong was his case that his fifth was retained in Court. Williams was a very old man, approaching the century. He was first offered £1,000 by the Broughtons, and finally accepted £3,000. Lady Stewart always declared that the Coghlan side of the family was not treated fairly, that the case was rushed—sufficient time not being given the claimant to make the extensive searches necessary to prove his case—and that had she known of the previous proceedings in 1893-94, the result would have been very different. Possibly, for searches in the Public Record Offices and elsewhere prove by unimpeachable documentary evidence that the story told in the affidavits of Williams and the other members of the family was true, and that in justice they were entitled to the money. Though however Williams had Sir Edward Carson to appear for him he could not prove the desired relationship to Mr. Coghlan; still, the Broughtons also failed to prove that his statement was incorrect.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Uses for Aeroplanes.

There are some extremely wise people in this world, and the wisest seem to be those who *will* write to newspapers suggesting remedies for all the things that have happened or haven't happened in this vale of tears. A genius wrote to the *Daily Sketch* the other day to make the brilliant suggestion that all ships should carry small aeroplanes for the purpose of conveying a line to other vessels when the sea is too rough for boats! While they are about it why not carry dirigibles so as to convey the passengers out of danger? It would be equally practicable. We like the idea of an aeroplane starting from the confined space of a tramp steamer rolling heavily amid huge seas, with a life-line dangling below and tangling itself in the propeller. Of course, if there had been any use for a life-line the rocket apparatus could have carried it across, in the case of the Volturno, quite as well as half a dozen aeroplanes, and the suggestion is wildly impracticable from other points of view. This is one of the uses to which an aeroplane is not likely to be put.

We might cite here a case of another use to which an aeroplane should *not* be put. At Hendon the other day we saw M. Henri Salmet (who is, we understand, the *Daily Mail* tame airman), repeatedly dive at the rails behind which a crowd was standing, elevating his monoplane just in time to clear their heads. Frightfully thrilling, no doubt! But Mr. Salmet will "swank" once too often, and after he has wrecked his machine and served a year or two in prison for manslaughter, he will perhaps come to the conclusion that he is not so clever as he thought he was.

* * *

The Slow Poison Merchant Again.

The cynical audacity with which "our own correspondent" in the United States of different London dailies sends along any old yarn as good enough for home consumption, and the marvellous credulity of sub-editors on this side of the pond, have frequently afforded us texts for sarcastic remarks. Now we notice they're doing it again. Another slow poison gentleman has been unearthed, who has taken bichloride

MANGLING THE WURZLE.

Unfortunate predicament of a short-sighted gentleman who thought he was bagging a brace.

"YUS; AN' YER MATES, TOO!"

...y by mistake, and suffered the consequences of his ...lessness. The victim this time is a Jewish merchant of ...w York. He beat the previous record established by a ...leman in Georgia by swallowing a much larger dose, and ...g a day longer. In sending over this yarn at consider... cost for cabling, of course, the author had the impudence ontrast the two alleged cases of accidental poisoning, ...rely forgetful of the fact that the Georgian story of some ...ks ago was immediately discredited. We trust the next ...ure American who commits a similar imprudence will ...ge by swallowing a small dose—just enough to kill him ...and dying within a week. Then perhaps we shall hear ...ing about his woes.

* * *

...lind" Justice.

...e have lately had several demonstrations of the fallacy ...the belief that all are equal before the law. One is the ...severe sentence passed at Dublin upon Mr. Larkin for ...ing exactly the same sort of thing that Sir Edward Car... Mr. F. E. Smith and their satellites are saying almost ...day. In this connection it is instructive to note the ...marks of the Conservative newspapers. The *Evening* ..., for example, says, "As long as our present social ...tem endures men of undoubted influence cannot be ...owed to set the Government at defiance"—from which ...conclude that in the estimation of that journal Sir Edward ...son is *not* a man of undoubted influence. Then again we ...e the salutary sentence passed upon Driver Caudle, who ...been held responsible for the Aisgill railway disaster; ...reas his directors who caused him to be hampered with ...erior coal escape, and a Manchester motorist was almost ...mmended by the Coroner for killing a cyclist working-man ...railway man) who was riding along a broad open high... on his own side of the road and carrying a lamp as by ...provided. And thirdly there is the curious indifference ...the Bristol police to the hooliganism of a body of students ...have twice wrecked Suffragette premises, and escaped ...free without any arrests being made. Of course the ...dents received great provocation, but two wrongs do not make a right, and it is a travesty of justice that even students should be allowed to indulge in such capers with impunity. If the law does not mend its manners it will quickly become the laughing-stock, instead of the admiration, of other nations.

* * *

Titbits for the Prurient.

The Gaby Deslys episode is now closed, presumably. It has provided splendid copy for the newspapers and given a few notoriety-seekers a chance for still another smack at the Censor. It *may* have hurt the fair Gaby's feelings, but we doubt it. And it certainly has not hurt the box-office people at the Palace, for crowds of smug, goody-goody people who don't usually frequent the music-halls are sure to have made a rush to see the act which was so shocking—at least somebody told somebody else who told a parson, that it was shocking. The most delightful bit of human nature in the whole business was the remark of the "layman" who supplied the Rev. H. M. Ward's opinion, that men and women of the world had described the act to him *and in consequence he went to see it*. They always do—these prurient-minded people. A man of the world will witness a round dozen revues and "acts" of this kind without thinking anything amiss, simply because he isn't looking for indecency. But the prurient can always read, and see, between the lines. We have recently had instances of a perfectly harmless photograph of the King and the Duke of Clarence at the manœuvres, which is now being stored among the treasures of the curious people who look for this kind of thing; and also of a clever and quite innocent topical cartoon in a leading weekly, which led to record sales owing to some accidental effect which might possibly be construed as indecent. Funny world!

* * *

The P. and O. Strike.

The officers of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company have our entire sympathy in their endeavour to improve their conditions of service, and we hope their organisers will do their utmost to keep the public well posted in the merits of the case. It is a curious fact that the people of a maritime nation, such as we like to think we are, are

apparently uninterested—they are certainly woefully ignorant—in the lot of the men who control the mercantile marine. We hear a great deal of the difficulty in obtaining men for the Navy, but it seems to be nobody's business that the merchant service—that happy hunting-ground for the Navy in case of emergency—should be made a calling which will attract men of brains and ability. It is a calling where there are many blanks and very few prizes, and this is not as it should be. The difficulties of organisation among a body of men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and have few opportunities of meeting with their fellows and discussing concerted action to remedy grievances, are so obvious that it seems to us a case where public opinion should step in—failing governmental action, which might take the form of refusing mail contracts unless officers and crews were well treated. The pay even in the best of shipping companies is by no means adequate to the responsibility, and with the P. and O. things are even worse than the average. This company has always had a bad reputation for its autocratic treatment of its officers, and if it cannot earn dividends without "sweating" the officers it is time it went out of business, in spite of its otherwise honourable record in the annals of the sea. Anyhow, the officers' guns have been too heavy for the P. and O. company, who have wisely hauled down their flag, and come to terms, so all's well that ends well.

* * *

The 'Buses and the Roads.

As no results are likely to follow in the immediate future from the deliberations of the London Traffic Commission it is good news to learn that the L.C.C. are considering proposals for Parliamentary powers for the control of omnibus routes in London. That control is, of course, bound to come sooner or later. So many newspapers are boring their readers with statistics as to the increased cost of road maintenance brought about by the heavy traffic of motor-buses that we refrain from dilating upon this obvious injustice to the ratepayers. It is, however, worthy of note that the Bus Trust's most effective answer to the point is to show by more statistics that the weight even of a fully-loaded bus is only about the same as that of a laden lorry. But that is merely begging the question. We have always (broadly speaking) had the heavy goods traffic, but until the high-speed buses made their appearance the wear-and-tear of roads was just normal, as course the finest roadway is expected to show *some* signs deterioration in time.

There is one little point we would like to make, while the subject. Passing along a main thoroughfare the ot day we noticed that shop-windows separated from the ro way by a three or four yards' pavement were clea splashed with mud up to a height of five feet or so. The ef upon unlucky passers-by who happened to intercept su of this filth at a nearer distance can be imagined. What want to know is—suppose a lady has an expensive d absolutely ruined by a mud shower-bath, who is responsib The municipal authorities or the bus which casts the m (for it is almost invariably a bus, travelling at high spee Will not some public-spirited lady of means institute action, in a case of this sort, joining the two delinquents defendants? Then we shall know where we are. If bus people have to pay they will devise some means of st ping the mud-shower from their vehicles, and every ped trian will be benefited. On the other hand, if the munici authority (L.C.C. or town council) has to foot the b measures would very quickly be taken—by means of regu tions or by-laws—to pass on the responsibility to the r culprits. There can be little doubt that the public authori have power to stop this terrible nuisance, but it doesn't se to be worth anybody's while to protect the mere pedestri

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He who reads will run against a lot of information t he who runs will never read.

* * *

The Pernicious Kinema.

The kinema seems to be usurping the place so long h by the "penny blood" as an inciter to juvenile crime—t is, of course, in the estimation of those who find it co forting to find a red-herringy sort of cause for the deteri tion produced by bad upbringing and environment. At London Sessions last week the chairman, Mr. Rob Wallace, K.C., made quite a little sermon on the pernici effect of film pictures of thefts and burglaries, and pres ably to save the rising generation from sin we must promp abolish all the picture houses except those which show Sunday School pictures of the "Death of Little Jim" typ these, of course, would have to be subsidised by the State enable them to keep the wolf from door as such pictures would undoubte keep the audiences from the door. Fran all this talk of the deleterious effects of kinemas is sheer twaddle which makes us v tired. At the present rate of progress there soon not be a solitary crime in the wh calendar which is not traceable to the pictur Of course we understand that a par wishing to find excuses for the delinquen of her naughty offspring will natura advance that excuse which happens to fashionable, but we do not expect our mag trates and judges to believe her.

* *

"I'll teach yer to tie that sorspan on the dawg's tail."
"'E ain't your dawg."
"No, but it's my sorspan."

Fashions for the Nut.

One of those convenient "West End hosier confesses (why "confesses" by-the-way) to *Daily Sketch* that "there is a noticeable ten ency for men's wear to follow the wome fashions," and instances semi-transparent so and frilled evening shirts. Our artist, in p offered a few suggestions in this direction last week, but we never expected that a Str outfitter would corroborate his artistic fou so strikingly. But *are* the semi-transpar socks an imitation of ladies' open-work sto ings, or are they not rather a revival of the b liant hose so popular in the days when ancestors delighted to "show a leg"? And not the frilled shirts point to a reaction to d long gone by rather than an aping of the fr blouses that women love? Put in other wo did the hen come first, or the egg? Is feminine modes harked back to the mascul adornments of yore, or is mere man the copyist? We leave the problem for others solve. At any rate we hope the imitation not extend much further. But we have doubts, for we distinctly saw a prosperous-lo ing individual in the Strand the other day had evidently copied the new oval femini figure, with a decided show of the which is now in mode.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

...the titled author marries the charming young actress ... explanation will be given by the young man about ... who has for some years past surrounded himself with ...llo of romance and mystery by declaring he is the lady's ...and?

* * *

...oung Mr. Tower, of Weald Hall, Essex, who wants every ...d of game on his estate, even half the rabbits, which, ... the hares, belong to his tenants, is apparently obsessed ...his importance as a ...landowner, a new ...ction, as the es... has only been ...a few months. But ...dom will come ...age, and then he ...realise that pre... succeeds best ...farmers are ...ed in a give-and- ...spirit, for game ...immense toll of ...growing crops.

*

...hat after all the ...of Spain was ...godfather to the ...sprig of nobil... whose christening ...ied so much ...in the half- ...papers, and ...there any reason ...telling various ...in the strictest ...dence that His ...ish Majesty ...act in that ...city.

*

...here has been a ...r close friend... between the King ...Queen of Spain ...the infant's par... and when the ...couple are here ...is usually some ...ng. The father's ...er and the ...en's mother are ...friends of long ...ding.

*

...ngland's greatest ...a actor," as he ...ders himself, is ...ning to the musi... comedy stage, of ...n he was a shin... ...ar in what in theatrical parlance is known as a "Num... ...Company," but picture palace patrons will be pleased ...otherwise) to learn that he will take *up* film work again ...a firm is ready to pay him what he arrogantly asserts ...worth—£40 weekly! Nowadays, however, people are ...throwing money away.

* * *

...veryone is asking who was the peer of the realm who, ...pending a week-end at a well-known bungalow at Shore... ...happened by chance to encounter the wife of his bosom ...m he believed to be on a shopping expedition in Paris), ...too," was not unaccompanied. It was an embarassing ...ent for both, not to say disappointing, as the peeress ...fondly been hoping for some time that her guns in the ...would blow any opposition to pieces and that it would ...perfectly easy to obtain her freedom. But a cruel fate ...e both fix on that little bungalow town on the Sussex ...It brings to mind certain scenes in the old "Pink ...noes", and later "The Girl in the Taxi," with the ...ption that this really happened. Perhaps, however, ...imaginary positions, that have caused so much amuse... ...to theatre goers, were founded on fact after all. Of the Shoreham incident an eye-witness reports that not a word was said. The two passed in stony silence, but one hurriedly left the unpleasant spot by motor car, the other by train!

* * *

The dramatic censorship is admittedly the antithesis of common-sensership. Captain, officers, and crew of H.M.S. Censor know that it moves by its "boosting boom." It is commissioned to fight indecency and succeeds only in advertising something which without its voluntary aid might be considered uninteresting. The ultra-Purists and other super-sensitive people are to blame for this. "The Happy Land" is an instance almost lost in the long, long ago; comparatively fresh in the memory is that of a very mediocre melodrama called "The Secrets of the Harem." On the representation of the Turkish Ambassador the play was almost interdicted, but was permitted to proceed if, unlike little Bo-Peep's sheep, it came home to the stage with the tail of its title shorn. It is Kismet-Bismillah. "On our heads be it if we do not humbly bow to this command," said the runners of the show. Then they waxed fat, kicked up their heels in joy and became known as the harem-scare'em boys.

* *

Is it true that the "Man with the Earrings" is the centre of an interesting coterie of ladies and men who lose no opportunity of inducing their friends to have their ears pierced, and wear large earrings on every possible occasion?

* *

The courage of the co-respondent in the lawn-tennis divorce case, in walking down Bond Street "as large as life," as the saying is, on the day that the decree nisi was pronounced, was much commented upon.

There is no money in lawn tennis, and as the "co." is absolutely dependent upon a stern father for his bread and butter the outlook for the respondent is not hopeful.

* * *

Really more of the old-crusted official posts must be consigned to the dust-bin, like empty, cobwebby bottles which have fraudulently posed in cellars cool as full of the finest vintages. The late "Dublin Herald" (not a defunct newspaper, but a tailor of the highest class who only studies coats-of-arms) has "given the game away." For years he held the high appointment of Dublin Herald in the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland's Household. Now he is a convict. That does not matter, but this does. When questioned as to whether the time and attention he devoted to financial frauds did not interfere with his duties in the way of heraldry, he answered that those duties were purely nominal. Is the salary of the Dublin what-you-may-call-it as unsubstantial? By the bye, do you see a fitness between the prison and a man whose name is Shackleton?

FRIENDSHIP.

Rose: "Jack is such a dear fellow. You don't know what a big fool I make of myself when he calls."

Marie: "Yes, I do, he tells me all about it."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF ONE GUIDO FAUX.

Born in York, of humble parents, Guy Fawkes has left a name which stirs the blood of all who know the glorious uncertainty of a Chinese cracker. Thrust into the giddy whirl of life at an early age, he soon learned that bread is dear and human life is cheap; and one day, in the bitterness of his heart, he shook the mud of England from his feet and embarked as cabin-boy in the "Nancy Jane" of Plymouth, sailing for San Sebastian, a Spanish seaport not a thousand miles from Leicester Square.

In Spain he became a soldier of fortune, and was accounted one of the nuts of Barcelona, where he set the ladies' hearts a-fire. The daughter of the commanding officer of Guido's regiment soon fell a victim to his charms; but, this fact becoming known through an intercepted letter addressed to Fawkes, enclosing an onion—the Spanish emblem of constancy—as a token of the Señorita's fidelity, he was hounded from the ranks, friendless, penniless, alone, and in a strange land, his sole possessions a peseta and a Spanish onion, which, at length, to keep body and soul together, he was forced to swallow, although it cut him to the quick thus to destroy the last relic of his love.

Next day, in the extremity of his need, he stole a huge bundle of onions from a sleeping vendor of these comestibles, and so embarked on his career of crime. For more than a year he lived by hawking onions throughout the countryside, when one day, suddenly recollecting the passion of the English for fried onions, he resolved to turn his blistered feet homewards, and less than ten days later, with a huge string of prime Spanish onions slung over his shoulder, he landed in England, the home of his fathers.

He took up his pitch near the Houses of Parliament, so called after a celebrated sauce, and soon became a familiar figure to the denizens of London Town. He secured the patronage of several distinguished members of the senate, who every night had for him a cheery word as they carried home to their family a pound of the flower of Spanish onions.

Guy was now quite contented with his lot, honoured by all who knew him, and fully confident of a peaceful life, when one day the bubble of his happiness burst.

There had been an all-night sitting in the House, and Guy Fawkes had fallen asleep over his string of onions, whose odour set him dreaming of his Señorita Pepita, his lost love. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was hastening home, in blissful expectancy of the dish of fried onions which he had requested his spouse to have ready for him in the wee small hours. (It must be remembered that onions, at this time, constituted the staple dish of the English people.) On his perceiving the recumbent form of Guy Fawkes he stopped, however, and roused the sleeping man.

"Big or small?" asked Fawkes, drowsily.

But he was told there was nothing doing in that way; in fact, the Chancellor would be obliged by the loan of fourpence, swearing by the nine gods he would return ninepence in a short time.

Guy Fawkes was naturally astounded and not a little dubious; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer quoted the Vulgate to show there was no deception, that is, that he would give ninepence for fourpence.

Although still a little suspicious Guido at last acquiesced to the proposal and advanced the fourpence, recollecting there was such a thing as short weight.

Time, having no option in the matter, passed, and one evening Guy Fawkes ventured to ask for his ninepence. The Chancellor expressed his utter ignorance of Guy's meaning, and refused to argue. Even the original fourpence he would not return, vowing he knew of no transaction made between them. "Besides," he added, "your onions are untrustworthy."

Now, the loss of his fourpence Guy could bear, but to have the integrity of his onions so assailed was too much.

"You tell a falsehood," he retorted, with proud dignity; "my onions are *sans peur et sans reproche*." And when the Chancellor had strolled away he swore revenge for the contumely heaped on his wares.

Bringing a band of his comrades together he spouted fire and sedition; and urged the destruction of the Houses of Parliament as the only means of saving the country. Why should they not place a King of their own faith on the throne, and institute their own parliament? Under the new government all onions would be nationalised, and would be had for the mere asking. This intelligence excited his hearers to an extraordinary degree, and there and then a plot was formed for the destruction of the nobility of England.

With diabolical ingenuity and the proceeds of Guy Fawkes's onions they purchased thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which they secreted in the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. All was now ready; on the assembling of Parliament on the 5th of November the gunpowder would be fired, and on the homes of the Londoners would rain the dismembered bodies of their legislators. . . . But here again the love of lucre ruined these best laid schemes.

Lord Monteagle, a member of Parliament, owed Guy's friend, one Tresham, a sum of money—tenpence to be precise—and Tresham, seeing no reason why he should assist in the destruction of his tenpence, wrote to his debtor after this manner:—

"My Lord,—I pray thee remember dead men pay no debts. An ye would continue to inhabit this sinful world go not to the opening of Parliament. The Lord be with ye, Monteagle. *Gaudeamus igitur.* Amen."

(I have not the letter before me as I write, but quote from memory.)

Instantly, of course, Monteagle showed the anonymous epistle to his King, who, with a deplorable accent, and an utter lack of veracity, remarked:

"I smell pouther!"

Accordingly, on the eve of the assembly of Parliament, at King James's instigation the vaults were searched, and there—oh! my country, picture it! Seated amongst the barrels of powder, eating an onion whose recollections brought tears to his eyes, whilst he waited for the day, was Guido Fawkes, his schemes crumpled like a pricked balloon.

He was seized and commanded to confess the names of his fellow conspirators, but, despite the torture of the rack this he refused to do, and died like an English gentleman, staunch to the last.

In due course, as he stood at the block, it was once more asked of him the reason of his treason. With a trembling but dignified voice Guy Fawkes made this truly noble reply, pointing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stood near him:

"That man did me out of fourpence, and reflected on the honour of my onions."

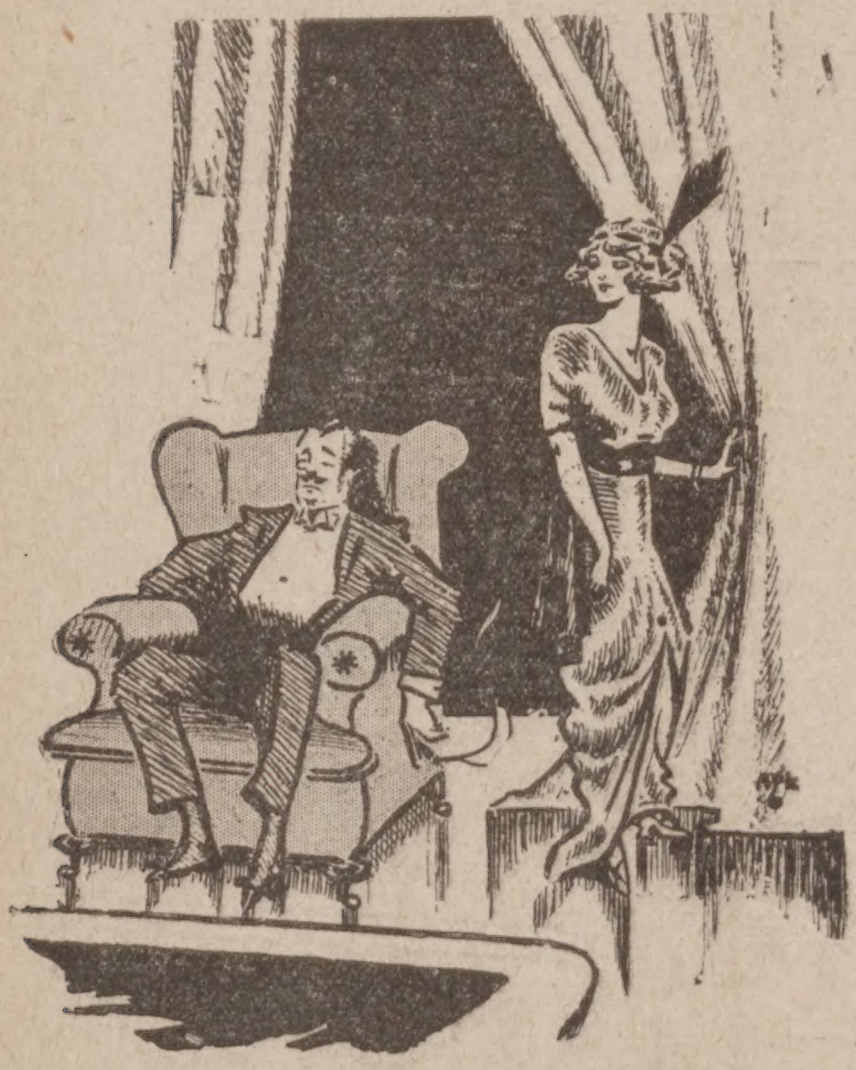
* * *

The foregoing should be read well, as I can assure my readers they will find nothing like it in a history book.

* * *

I have been ruminating. I wonder—I really wonder if Parliament was then as now. For, by heavens, if it was I think it a shame, a wanton cruelty, that Guy Fawkes should have been done to death for attempting to perform a most laudable action.

ERIC DE BANZIE.



Wifie: "What would you have been, I should like to know, if it hadn't been for my money?"
Hubby: "A bachelor, my dear."

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

hear Miss Screecher doesn't sing at the prison any ". The prisoners complained that it wasn't included ir sentence."

* * *

OWNED UP.

hear you're writing books on sex hygiene."
es," replied the hack writer, with a chuckle. "I've k pay dirt at last."

* * *

the tailor it might be said that if it takes nine of him ke a man it needs only one to break a man.

* * *

DURING THE VOYAGE.

t required an effort to swallow you," said the whale nah.
Vhat of that?" retorted Jonah. "It will require a er effort two thousand years from now to swallow the

ah was a true prophet.

* * *

a man has trouble and goes to a woman for sympathy he ky if he doesn't acquire more.

* * *

OF SOME USE.

d Gotrox (to his fashionable son): You and your set oughly disgust me. You could get along as well without ad on your shoulders as with one.
gy: Aw—Fawther!—How wediculous! Why, wheah d a fellah weah his hat?

* * *

person who is as cool as a cucumber never is as green ne.

* * *

olish girls make a speciality of breaking hearts; wise run repair shops.

* * *

ARBORICALLY SPEAKING.

ron Sans Dough: What do you think of my family r. Muchgold: The tree may be a good one, all right, looks to me as if the crop was a failure.

TO REPLACE THE TANGO.

The "Pegoute," which is danced head downwards."

—Journal Amusant.

THE CAREFUL WAITER.

Gent: Is there any soup on the bill-of-fare?
Waiter: There was, sir, but I wiped it off.—*California Pelican.*

* * *

"What can you tell me about the spinal column, Adolf?"
"The spinal column is a wavy line. My head sits on one end, and I sit on the other."—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

* * *

LEAD ON, MACDUFF.

She said, "I feel awfuly chilly!"
He said, "Let me get you a wrap?"
She said, "I refuse to let you trouble yourself."
Being a proper young man, he did not insist. Later:
She said, "I still am cold."
He said, "And you won't let me get a wrap?"
She said, "I certainly won't!"
Thereupon, being an astute young man, he went to it.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

* * *

THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST.

She: Marry you? Why you'd be the last man on earth I'd marry!
He: I hope so, if I'm to be the first. —*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

Nell: As people grow old I like to see them still keep up with the fashions.
Belle: Yes, we never grow too old to acquire the latest wrinkle.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

A CLOSE DISTINCTION.

She (after the waltz): You're a freshman, aren't you?
He: Pardon me; I didn't mean to hold you so tight.—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*

* * *

THE OLD SONGS.

I'm fond of "Annie Laurie";
To hear it is a boon.
Nobody in that song declares
That he's a Zulu coon.
—*Washington Herald.*

And I like "Highland Mary";
The rhymes are only fair,
But no one in that song asserts
His loved one is a bear.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

I like "The Miller's Daughter."
I do; I always did.
Yet no one in that lyric says,
Believe him, she's some kid!
—*New York Mail.*

And I like "Swanee River,"
When uttered sweet and low,
For no one in that song confides
That mother's got a beau.
—*Judge.*

* * *

AND PERMANENTLY.

"Do you think that the new motor delivery business will ever displace the postman?" asked the conversational young man, when crossing the street, of his companion.
"Certain to, if it ever hits him."—*Boston Globe.*

NOW THEY ONLY PAY THE TAXES.

Motorist: "Flying machines will eventually supplant automobiles."
Guest: "But what will we do with these expensive roads?"
Motorist: "Oh, I suppose we'll have to let the farmers use them!"

—Puck.

INTERROGATIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether it is a fact (as the French journals say) that the Prince of Wales has ceased to be known as Peter Pan since somebody discovered that the mysterious packages, which have been arriving regularly from Germany of late, contained bottles of a liquid esteemed in the Fatherland as a rapid and sure moustache-producer?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Taylor, wife of Captain Taylor, Royal Artillery, should not deem herself lucky? Insistence on riding at the head of her husband's battery was something like seeking a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. With another sort of man it might have been a case of assault and battery. Stick to the millinertary, Mrs. T.

* * *

The published statement was not by a very long way all that Mlle. Gaby Deslys said when she heard that the Lord Chamberlain, instigated by the Suffragan Bishop and the parsons, wanted to ban her performance.

* * *

That the whole matter is an example of the muddleheadedness which characterizes the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and which has made it a by-word in all the European Courts for inefficiency.

* * *

Of recent years the old officials, who had age at least to excuse their incompetence, have been succeeded by a collection of "nuts," who having failed to get into any of the "gentlemanly professions" have been pitchforked into the Department by relatives with influence at Court.

* * *

That to these "nuts" has been entrusted the duty of attending each performance at the Palace Theatre, and that the chagrin with which tickets for boxes have been served out to the unwelcome deadheads has been considerably mitigated by the fact that, even if they did find a spicy item in the à la Carte menu, they hardly looked like telling tales out of school.

* * *

There has been much comment on the fact that it took a Suffragan Bishop and a bevy of clergy to enlighten the Lord Chamberlain upon the exact significance of certain items. People on the look out for indecency can always find it.

* * *

"Modern Life" Problem (No prize offered): It it takes Gaby one hour to dress for her performance at the Palace, how long will it take her to undress at bedtime?

* *

If the Escalade craze had its origin in Pearce's Restaurants? And if such step-dancing improves the flavour of the sausages?

* * *

Will the last carriage of a railway train in future be reserved for officials of the line?

* * *

If the Poet Laureate is not experiencing a good deal of anxiety over the poem which he is composing to commemorate the Royal wedding, and how many efforts have already found their way into the waste paper basket?

* * *

The name of the fascinating Countess, now no longer in her first youth, who is known by the soubriquet of "the cradle snatcher," and if her latest "conquest" is really anything like such an infant as his pink and white cheeks and ridiculously innocent blue eyes would lead one to suppose?

* * *

If the four "restitution of conjugal rights" cases which figured in the Courts last week do not make it abundantly clear that such legal absurdities should be swept off the Statute Book?

* * *

If Eugenette is the first baby who has turned out a howling success?

* * *

If it is a fact that a certain Society lady is seriously considering a scheme for organising a brigade of girl shoeblacks?

* * *

Why Gaby has suddenly turned "religious"?

* * *

If the two new hotels being constructed at the corner of Victoria Street are intended mainly for Americans, and if the reason is that our friends from over the water are keenly sensitive to the atmospheric virtue radiating from Buckingham Palace?

* *

Invocation to the Little God Tango.

*

Why a "fully qualified medical man" is kept in attendance at the New Gallery Cinema Theatre, and if the management are fearful of the effects of their pictures upon the audiences?

*

If the hand which Germany has held out in response to Winston's "holiday" offer turns out to be a "mailed fist"?

*

If a well-known London clergyman is not much worried by the fact that his pretty young wife will persist in carming her cheeks and rouging her lips, and if a number of his congregation are anything but discreet in their criticisms?

*

If the growing fashion of shorn locks among women is intended as a short cut towards establishing their equality with men?

*

The identity of the agile gentleman in orange-coloured socks who climbed a lamp post in the Strand at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning and solemnly smashed each pane with the knob of his walking-stick?

*

Whether the colonial who is "doing London" in a blue shirt and collar set off with a mauve tie has an eye to economy in washing?

* * *

If the Censor hasn't been very hard at work upon "The Green Cockatoo," and if a good deal of the original dialogue isn't altered beyond recognition—almost beyond hope?

* * *

If Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, who has just published a book called "Things I Remember," is likely to appeal to his feminine readers when he says, "I am inclined to think that women are not at their best when loaded with diamonds"?

* * *

Whether the autobiography which "Papa" Payne is writing will be full of Gaiety?

* * *

If it is true that one of our most celebrated actresses is in the hands of money-lenders, and that as fast as she can

...ecessary if yours is now the interest on the money ...ol?

* * *

...dentity of the gentleman in decorative night attire was borne triumphantly round the corridors of the ...End hotel on a mattress, and what the management say about it in the morning?

* * *

...ether the average nut has much to shell out when he ...nished paying his tailor?

* * *

...ther Maud Allan is shortly to return to England to ...r in a series of new dances quite different in design those that first made her popular, and if it is rumoured she may even wear quite a lot of clothes this time?

* * *

...y so many clergymen wear lay collars when paying ...t to the Palace?

* * *

...ether the critics will throw cold water upon "The ...e Fire"?

* * *

...ether there isn't a lot of Legge pulling in the new ... entitled "More About King Edward."?

* * *

...an interesting theatrical engagement is shortly to be ...nced; and if the parties concerned are both children ...ebrated actors?

* * *

...name of the fashionably dressed young man who ...tically brandished a pistol in a West End restaurant ...her evening, at the same time loudly announcing his ...tion of "ending it now once and for all," and if the ...gement were not exceptionally lenient in merely eject-...m from the premises?

* * *

...was who described Gaby the other night as "a ...hrosis in a petticoat that ends where it begins," ...he meant by it?

* * *

...t reason for divorce comes from Bombay, where ...lady demands release from her husband on the ...sive ground of "sexual imbecility." Really,

* * *

... of the celebrated actress who contributed the ... an advertisement pamphlet: "I consider that ... are simply perfect. I wear nothing else!" ...means it to be taken literally?

* * *

...ther the slit stocking is likely to lead to a revival of ...ove?

* * *

... surprised to learn that a horse called Bor... ... at Newmarket, since it was only natural ...d have been a bit in advance.

* * *

...another theatrical divorce case will shortly come on ...Law Courts, the respondent being a well-known music-...artist and his wife also "in the profession." Really, ...er will this long series of theatrical divorces come to ...d?

* * *

... the cinema firm which has just paid £8,500 for a film ... least something to show for its money.

* * *

...The decline in breach of promise cases is due to the fact ...overs now say what they have to say over the telephone ...ead of committing themselves to writing?

* * *

...Mrs Julia James is arranging the programme of ...ake's Ball to be held at Surrey House on the ... November ... and if there will be any sky-rod... ... the entertainment."

* * *

...George Robey likes being beaten at golf by a ...

* * *

...the ballet dancer who tip-toed up and down the ...of the Monument without a pause is proud of her

THE CLERGY, GABY AND THE SEX PROBLEM.

It is no fresh thing in the history of stage that a clergyman of the Church of England should write and present a morality play of more or less literary and artistic worth, but that a vicar of standing and reputation should expound his work, and himself point a delicate moral of sexual interest twice nightly from the boards of a popular music-hall, is a daring innovation of far more than passing interest.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, vicar of Brixton, is author of "Should the Woman Tell?" which has played to packed and extremely appreciative audiences at the Victoria Palace the whole of this week.

He himself explains the purpose of his work, and his disregard of that criticism which he has to face and which emanates from that class which "has not sufficient soul even to be Atheist." His speech is reserved and dignified, a little gem of elocution, and a justification of any reticence, or even prevarication, that a young woman may choose to exert in the defence of the secrecy of any premarital indiscretions which may have occurred, and which stands in danger of disclosure under the cross-examination of her fiancé.

Now, to any but the most casual and blasé playgoer, the Rev. Mr. Waldron's "turn" indicates a far deeper comparative line of thought than his sketch alone could ever induce.

Thus the Countess of Blank may be the vivacious possessor of a reputation as brilliant in hue as barbers' brilliantine, but, in view of the fact that she has acquired a local zeal for the Church about the same time as her personal and physical attributes obtained for her the control of His Lordship's person and purse-strings, she basks in the sunny smiles of the adipose acolytes of Mother Church, while, all too frequently, the poor little milliner or seamstress, with her little ragged and repentant soul stained deeply-red in sin by one false step, is entirely outside the pale of recognition by the Protestant clergy.

She looks for spiritual support, if at all, to the Salvation Army. You see, although hers is but a first offence, maybe, it is highly improbable that she may ever be referred to as "the dear lady who has so generously contributed to our Chancel Fund," or "who has graciously consented to open the bazaar in aid of the movement for the purchase of Communion Plate."

That is why, bearing in mind a few poignant instances of her whole invaluable life of noble and effective self-sacrifice, I regard Mrs. Commissioner Lamb, of the Salvation Army, as a stronger spiritual and temporal force than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

That is also why it is not inapt that the Rev. A. D. Macgowan's and the Bishop of Kensington's protest re Mlle. Gaby Deslys should help us to think a little and to laugh a lot, for we estimate them and their views as all occupying about the same grade of value to Society in general and the Man in the Street in particular.

Mark the colossal impertinence and prejudice of it all! It transpires that the choleric clerics aforementioned and their co-signatories *saw nothing of the show themselves*, but were acting "on information received." Received from whom, forsooth?

We are absolutely and entirely at liberty to decide whether the "information" was supplied by Gaby's own keen press-agent (by arrangement with, and assisted by, the Palace managerial staff) or by some person or persons maliciously interested in injuring Mr. Butt's reputation.

In either case the result is, in the main, precisely the same a boom in Gabys, a slump in clerics, inflated box-office receipts at the Palace, and an uncomfortable public impression of bias and careless judgment on the part of the Church's servants.

The Censorship, overweighted and topheavy with official dignity, stands where it always did—on a beautifully decorated but ricketty little pedestal labelled Mental Obfuscation and Ineptitude, ever ready to yield to the inexpert pressure of the self-righteous poacher on its own preserves, yet lacking sufficient strength and initiative to exercise an official restriction that would have, at long last, afforded it some degree of credit by saving us from the admittedly fœtid atmosphere of pornographic Continental spectacle.

W. R. C. R.

OUR CODY FUND.

Several Subscription Lists in connection with our Shilling Cody Fund have still to be returned. Will the holders kindly let us have them back at once, as we wish to close the fund. A few more subscriptions have come to hand and will be acknowledged next week.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Hat Pin Damages"—*Daily Mail* headline. Pin money for somebody.

* * *

Can "Wild Storm Freaks" on a poster refer to the Suffragettes?

* * *

No, "Military Pickle" is not the Colonel's daughter. An advertisement tells us it's a foodstuff.

* * *

"Deserving Heirs"—*Evening News* headline. We may deserve them, but dashed if we want 'em.

* * *

Ernie Toon and Ernie Moody are charged with burglary. A flavour of Moody and Sankey hymns about the partnership.

* * *

A constable described the language of a Mr. and Mrs. Wave as "absolutely unrepeatable." What *are* the wild Waves saying?

* * *

On retiring from his profession, the late Mr. Berry, of rope-tying fame, became lay preacher and poultry farmer. Ever on the lay "lay."

* * *

The Drury Lane chef d'orchestre is accused of belittling the late Dan Leno's reputation for ready-made humour. Has Glover been "kidding?" Jamais!

* * *

The writer of "Between Sunset and Dawn," is an anomaly, a contradiction in terms, a disingenuous paradox. He is described as a new author and yet he is Ould.

* * *

Nowadays songs at music-halls are not sung—they are "featured." Quite believable. The majority of Toppers, Bottoms and Middles have face enough for anything.

* * *

"Lockjaw follows slight wound." Will the bores of the legislation wound themselves if they won't wind themselves up? They would wound the community a little less sorely.

* * *

An "educated gentleman" residing in India advertises that he wants an "appointment" as English M.P. He is "a keen shikari"—which probably means that he is off his cocoa-nut.

* * *

In the new Welsh comedy to be produced this week the characters with one exception are Taffies of the Jones clique, and are natives of Llynwllanwllyn. Looks as if there will be "L" to play.

* * *

Burglars have failed in an attempt to dynamite a safe in one of Lyons's pot-of-tea and roll-and-butter emporia (capital word "emporia"). But would the mission have succeeded had gunpowder tea been used as the explosive?

* * *

The A B C have just declared a dividend of 27½ per cent. per annum. Perhaps the company will not be D E F to the amelioration of the shop-attendants' lot. No; "lots" might be demanded by Lindley Murray, but the plural would be too untruthful.

* * *

The Bristol 'Varsity students have adopted a policy of reprisal against the militant madams. Lesson learned—glass houses and stones metaphor. Also that people whose property has been burned may themselves resort to blazing indiscretions.

* * *

The Home Office has permitted the sale of fireworks after hours in districts where the weekly half-holiday falls on the day deBrocked to the memory of Guido Faux. Why? Fireworks are not "perishable goods" within the meaning of the act. They would "go off" at any time.

* * *

Mr. A. L. Coburn, the photographer, declares that it would be a good thing for civilisation if men who matter were occasionally sent away to live in a wild place for a few weeks. There would be less the matter with civilisation if some of them (we mention no names) were banished for good.

* * *

"All night long the streets (of Lisbon) were scoured by infantry and cavalry," says a telegraphic message. Well, soldiers might be employed in worse work than that of scavenging. They might, for instance, be pretending to punch the head and body of another fellow while they were "pulling the leg" of the public.

"How to dodge the Hat Pin Peril." Keep away fr girls!

* * *

"Miner's Magic Whistle"—*Express* headline. Dou it never wants wetting.

* * *

"Fixed bayonets at a fire," says a news par headline case of "charge of the Fire Brigade."

* * *

"Starting life at 65"—news par headline. Some p are well into their second infancy before that age.

* * *

The newspapers are making much of an "Operatio a pearl." We wish the Dear Thing a speedy recovery.

* * *

"A liquid memorial"—*Evening News* headline. We heard of a column of water, if that is what is meant.

* * *

"Fell in love. Artist's remarkable attack on a girl newspaper headline. What a black picture to paint o divine sentiment.

* * *

The Wandsworth County Court judge awarded £3 ges to a lady whose cheek was perforated by a hat by an East Sheen typist. And then *she* got the spike.

* * *

To gain entrance to a Moscow Futurist essential that all the men must paint their faces. dition is not imposed on the gentler sex. Is this would do so in any case?

* * *

It is stated by an explorer that the natives of New G keep the skulls of their enemies, fitting them with artifi noses. Their innocent belief, perhaps, is that by so d the skulls will smell better.

* * *

The Duke of Marlborough declares that he is more at with the plough and on ploughed land than with a p hand. There are other politicians, also, who are bett slinging mud than slinging ink.

* * *

Bonny, Bright and Blyth are the names of thre ishioners of St. Mark's Church, South Norwood, who je rent the same pew. We trust their appendages are typical of their conduct during service.

* * *

A juryman states that "a way to evade a bull is t up a stone; the animal always hesitates, giving a man to escape." This method of cowing the bull may be but we prefer picking up our feet and "hoofing it."

* * *

Moonblink is the name given to a temporary said to be due (vide the *Lancet*) to sleeping in the moon of tropical climates. In no-tropical climes people who "been out in the sun" display very similar symptoms.

* * *

After undergoing three operations for "phossy Elizabeth Nemanich, of Joliet, Illinois, has bee a lower jaw made of solid silver. After she's i asks hubby for money that individual will probably to hold her jaw.

* * *

"The Queen has sent an order to the Church Army rooms for prisoners' wives for the making of ninety says the *Daily Sketch*. How many shirts can b one wife? And are these shirts of curious materia for the Beefeaters?

* * *

"When to quarrel. The secret of a happy *Mail* article. We always thought that there was a art in quarrelling. If carried on along scientific lines no doubt productive of much happiness, although the j not always equally divided.

* * *

"Were any of your fellow travellers in bus and t holding their jaws?" asks the *Daily Sketch*. Al that particular morn everybody—excepting two wom were picking someone to pieces with their fingers—was ling away like a poultry farmer going to m

Ma (catching him in the act): "Young man, what are your intentions towards my daughter?"
He: "I wish her to be my wife."
Ma: "Are you in a position to support a family?"
He: "I think so!"
Ma: "Think again, young man. There are ten of us!"

are lots of "also rans" in the human race.

* * *

measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

* * *

uncertainty of the weather and women that makes interesting.

* * *

how many invitations to lubricate a man gets when the water waggon.

* * *

ference between a politician and a statesman is politician invariably lands the job

Self-interest is the motive power that requires the least oil.

* * *

Some men refuse to quarrel with their wives because it costs them too much to make up.

* * *

A love match has to have its flare-ups.

* * *

Said the maid to the bashful youth: "I'm going to scream anyway, so you might just as well kiss me."

Music may be the food of love, but that doesn't seem to prevent the corner grocer from piling up a fortune.

IN STAGELAND.

I cannot help feeling a little regretful that Mr. Weedon Grossmith's new effort, "The New Duke," at the Comedy Theatre, has collapsed, after just eighteen days of struggle against adverse circumstances. I believe it was good for a satisfying financial finish and a clear run of at least four months were it not for the fact that it had been advertised and billed as "The Eugenic Farce." The discussion of eugenics, even as a topic for current conversation, has never been a success with Suburbia, the residents of which decide whether a production is to live or die. I am in agreement with them that eugenics is a matter for the scientific faddist's laboratory and appears in the light of a fatal indelicacy when used ad nauseam as Press material or as an advertising device.

* * *

Gone also is "Love and Laughter" from the Lyric. No sympathy can be wasted in this case, however, for the production started its career at a theatre still redolent with the atmosphere of success created by the stoppage of the phenomenally satisfactory "Girl in the Taxi," in mid-run. As the productions were by no means dissimilar in character, except for the inherent weakness of "Love and Laughter," everything was in favour of Oscar Straus's comic opera living to see the much-desired 200th performance. As matters stand "The Girl in the Taxi" very unexpectedly has been called upon to get the box-office staff hustling again, and resumes with practically the same strong cast with the notable exception, of course, of Lawrence Grossmith, who, as already notified, is playing lead with Miss Shirley Kellogg in Leoncavallo's "Are You There?" at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

* *

The clever little artiste to whom I referred last week as portraying the methods of her preceptress, Mme. Pavlova, with singular success, is Miss June Tripp.

* * *

A magnificent matinee will be given at the Gaiety Theatre next Wednesday (November 4th) for a charitable concern for boys known as St. Hugh. Miss Kitty Mason and George Grossmith, Messrs. Arthur Bourchier, Harry Tate, Mark Hambourg, Brandsby Williams; Misses Ada Forrest, Mary Rorke, Helen Mar, Hilda Trevelyan; Mesdames Blanche Marchesi, Yavorska and Lydia Kyasht have all promised to appear, while a military and more or less chivalrous element is supplied by an act described as The Two Captains.

* * *

Boxing Day will see the opening performance at the new Golder's Green Hippodrome, owned by Mrs. Walter Gibbons and Sir Joseph Beecham. The house will be managed by Mr. Charles Reed, and should meet with instantaneous success with such an amalgamation of thoroughly experienced interests in control, and with so thoroughly desirable and understanding a playgoing public at its very doors. Mrs. Walter Gibbons is the wife of the variety magnate, who made a big fortune out of the Palladium and circuit—a concern still frequently referred to as "the Gibbons tour." The syndicate now under the control of Mr. Charles Gulliver, is, of course, the London Theatres of Varieties, Ltd., or more as the L.T.V.

* * *

"Keep Smiling," at the Alhambra, has just added those particularly expressive and happy touches really do help to keep the world grinning. Gaby Deslys with commendable restraint, tells the Censor in sically plaintive tones that "You made me love you" the melody we have all learnt to whistle in our baths the morning dew is off the cucumbers.

* * *

There is a brilliant scheme in preparation by whereby one of the gravest problems that has to be by the nicer-living variety artistes would be utterly

1st Tragedian: "Did you see what a great hit I made as Hamlet last night? Why, the audience simply clamoured for me to come on again."

2nd Ditto: "That's nothing, laddie! The last time I played Hamlet the audience not only clamoured for me to come on again—they *dared* me to!"

The artist

A charity

ance, in

splendid ca

be given on M

when "The Open Door" stages an extra matinée at the wych for the Lord Mayor's fund to relieve the neces relatives of the victims of the Sengenhydd colliery d

* * *

It is rather curious that the Tango Tea craze, which drawing tremendous afternoon "houses" to the Theatre and the London Opera House, should have long in striking London. Paris has almost recovered prolonged attack of Tangitis lasting several evidently London has now got to go through it. the dicta of M. Jean Richepin I do not think the Tan ever become really popular. It just happens to suit fashions in gowns, and most of the women who go Queen's and the Opera House go to see the dresses dancers—not the dance itself. The rush would prob just as great if minuets were presented with the same setting.

* * *

"A Place in the Sun" opens at the Comedy on evening. I am informed that the Kaiser has decli play the principal role on account of Mr. Tom B. regrettable inability to guarantee that some other person shall be precluded from successful ca the occupation of an adjoining sunny spot!

…E OF STOLBERG, WIFE OF "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 27.

THE STRANGE INFATUATION OF A STUART "QUEEN" FOR AN ITALIAN POET.

…iled Queen's Letter of Distress for the Loss …er Lover.

…ly you realised how miserable and depressed I am! … to me my load of wretchedness increases every day! … know how I exist without my Friend! I meditate … action! I do nothing but weep, nor can I ever think … save with utter torment. Music alone deadens my … what, and I spend my whole day playing on the … that because I know the Friend would be pleased … to play well. If you could only guess at the … thoughts that cross my mind. Sometimes I believe … sometimes I fear for, the Friend's recollection of me. … desert me, and yet I ought to desire such an ending, … own sake. But I am not strong enough to make so … sacrifice; when he is essential to my happiness—to my … ence. So that, without feeling secure of him, I … wish to remain in this world of sorrows. . . . … pect he will want to travel, and to wander far away. … if travel distracts his mind, then I ought to approve … His welfare counts before mine, and I am ready to … everything in order to make him happy, so deep is … for him. Oh God! what a fate is mine!"

The writer of the above lines subscribed her marriage … in Paris in 1772 she signed herself, "Queen of … Britain, France, and Ireland." She was destined, how… … to wear England's crown!

…Last of the Stuarts."

…years before the above passionate letter was penned … of it had been taken from a convent in Germany … the wife of "Bonny Prince Charlie," the "last of … For … years that romantic personage had been …own hill." His hopes of ever being "King James …England" had all but vanished. He lived in Rome, … kept up a mock court, and enjoyed a large annual … the Scottish Jacobites, from the French Govern… … from the Pope. He had "taken to drink" to drown … and the brandy-bottle was ever at his elbow. At … was a disappointed man and still a bachelor. … reasons suddenly prompted the French Govern… … desire to keep the Succession question open in Eng… … a scheme was laid to marry poor Prince Charlie … Stuarts might still be preserved as a menace to the … in Britain. The Princess selected for the hon… …coming the last of the Stuart "Queens of Great …France, and Ireland," was Louise of Stolberg, then … than a schoolgirl, "full of innocence, fair as a lily, …ely white skin, beautiful blue eyes, perfect teeth, …ful courteous air, and manners that were at once …ful, and modest."

…runken Stuart Pulls Himself Together for …Wedding.

…e good care that all the young Princess learned of … husband was that he was an exile, mercilessly ejected …ightful throne, and a pensioner of the Pope; and … Louise's youthful heart swelled with sympathy for … whose life she was to share. It was, perhaps, a pity …d her day-dreams, for within a few weeks she … linked for life to a blubbering, brandy-soaked sot. …dding, however, Charles Edward Stuart pulled him… … with something of his old-time spirit, and, in spite of his pimply skin and puffy cheeks, Louise of Stolberg was not at first completely unhappy. There was still something of the gallant about her middle-aged husband. Whenever he appeared in public it was with the blue riband of the Garter across his breast. On ceremonial occasions he would don the whole Garter regalia and robes. He kept a fine house in Rome; his brother, Cardinal York, was the most respected prelate in the Church, and Prince Charlie's amazing adventures in "the Forty-five" were still the "talk of Europe." The glamour of the adventurous "Bonny Prince Charlie" had not yet entirely departed!

Louise's Dream of Happiness Quickly Shattered.

Handsomely received by the aristocracy of Rome, Louise of Stolberg for a time enjoyed her new career as a "Queen in exile." After her quiet convent life, followed by a year or two under the tutelage of a mother whom she hated, the young bride of "Bonny Prince Charlie" queened it as only a really young and beautiful woman can. All the smart men in Rome paid her the homage due to one who seemed destined to a career of romance, and whose dropsical and sottish husband could be but a poor foil to any prospective love-making. But that the union of the fifty-two-year-old Stuart with the nineteen-year-old princess from Germany was doomed to disaster was very soon apparent. Jealousy was always a strong characteristic of the Stuarts, and the "hope" of the fallen dynasty was no exception to the rule. And the time came when the lives of the ill-assorted pair degenerated into one long-drawn-out wrangle, culminating in filthy abuse of the bride, who only escaped blows by keeping a maid-of-honour constantly at hand.

The Dying Embers of Jacobitism.

The marriage had fanned into flame the dying embers of Jacobitism in Scotland, and all the partisans of the House of Stuart eagerly watched for an intimation that the representative of another generation of Stuart pretenders was about to make his appearance. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and when two years had passed, and no child seemed like to bless the marriage, Charles Edward Stuart returned aimlessly to his brandy-bottle, and gave up hope. He was still keenly alive to the danger he ran of losing his charming bride, however, and he rarely allowed her out of his sight. A quarrel with the Pope eventually compelled the pair to quit Rome, and they took up their residence at Pisa, and later on at Florence, where they purchased the Palace of the Guadagni family. In Florence the Stuart pair became objects of tremendous curiosity, and when Prince Charlie took his wife to the Opera the whole house rose in respect for the exiled "King James III." (as Charlie loved to call himself). Having made his bow very ceremoniously to the audience, "King James" would retire into the shadows of the box, take a long swig at his brandy-bottle, and gently subside into a comfortable snore!

Alfieri Determines to Rescue Charles Stuart's Unhappy Wife.

Amongst the men of noble family who paid their respects to the exiled "King and Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland" in Florence was a budding poet named Vittorio Alfieri. He was a rolling-stone, who had acquired a love of horses in England, and spent the rest of his time in illicit amours. He spoke Italian with a contemptuous faultiness, and invariably addressed his equals in Versailles French. His muse

was indeed a pretty one, and he eagerly wrote a sonnet to the bride of Prince Charlie which brought tears to her eyes. It was not long before a very keen affection sprang up between the couple, and Count Alfieri, who was fond of spouting republicanism, is said by some contemporary scribes to have deliberately planned the ruin of Prince Charlie's home. However that may be, trouble soon developed in a fresh form in the Royal household in Florence. For some weeks Louise Stuart and her lover managed to conceal their amour from Prince Charlie's knowledge, but the relations between the Royal pair had already become extremely embittered. Day by day Louise Stuart poured into Alfieri's ear the story of her husband's brutality, and daily he swore to rescue her from her disgraceful bondage.

"Crushed in the Fingers of a Filthy Clown."

The climax followed swiftly enough. Amongst the tender verses which the Count dedicated to the Princess was one which fell into her husband's hands. It ran as follows:

> Oh lady, is my fear for thee displeasing?
> When my warm love is half compact of fear!
> Since I behold thee forced with grief unceasing
> The harsh yoke of an aged spouse to bear,
> Like some trapped dove in vain for mercy pleading!
> From hands so impious, and from home so drear
> I mean to snatch thee. My alarm increasing
> With each foul act, with every falling tear.
> Thou art a damask rose, pure, fresh, and blooming,
> Crushed in the fingers of a filthy clown
> And yet (such strange disguise is Love assuming),
> I needs must curb mine ire, and smooth my frown
> To greet with smiling face thy tyrant's coming
> Ashamed and dreaded, of ill-starred renown!

The discovery of this sonnet drove Charles Stuart to extremes of violence. Mad with brandy the Prince repaired to his wife's chamber and found her in bed. He at once proceeded to castigate her in person, until her screams for mercy aroused the household, and the unhappy Princess was rescued from the "tyrant's" clutches more dead than alive!

Dramatic Escape of Prince Charlie's Wife Before His Eyes.

This was, indeed, a pitiful end to the Stuart hopes, and, strange to say, it happened on St. Andrew's Day, 1780. When Alfieri heard secretly from Louise Stuart what had happened, his rage was intense. He immediately contrived a plan for Louise's escape from the Palace. A few days after the "painful incident" of St. Andrew's Day, when the Princess was again presentable, the whole household resumed their afternoon drives in Florence. The Princess announced that she desired to pay a visit to the Convent of the White Nuns, in the Via del Mandoila, and she drove out in front of Prince Charlie, with her Irish lady-in-waiting, Madame Orlandini, and a Mr. Gehegan, in the carriage. The Prince followed in another vehicle, in much state. Arriving at the Convent, Louise Stuart alighted, proceeded up the steps to the Convent door, which was opened and the Princess passed through it. Bonny Prince Charlie never saw his wife again!

A Princess in a Convent.

Suspecting a plot, Prince Charlie rushed up to the Convent door, but it was slammed in his face, and through the wicket the angry Prince was informed that he could have no admission! Mad with chagrin and brandy, the "Last of the Stuarts" returned to his Palace, gave himself up to a wild orgy of drunkenness, and when, later in the day, his wife sent for a change of underclothing, the one-time heroic Charles Edward Stuart refused to send it, and only the interference of the Pope procured her a change of attire. But a mere matter of clothes was nothing to the Princess who, after ten years of utter misery, was now free to devote her life to the "man of her choice." Louise Stuart fondly now dreamed of golden years with her gay-hearted lover. But though getting into a convent was easy enough, it was another matter getting out of it!

Happy Days in the Palace of Cardinal York.

Eager as Louise Stuart now was to fly to the arms of Alfieri, her honour had to be protected, and the Lady Abbess of the Convent took every precaution against her escape. For months the Princess stormed at the destiny which always seemed against her, and it was in the depths of her despair that she penned the touching letter at the head of this story. But all the time she was weeping, Alfieri was working hard for her release. Eventually the Pope was prevailed upon to allow her to take up her abode in the palace of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York. This gentle old prelate had no idea of Louise's love affair, nor did he suspect his pretty sister-in-law of any such design as harbouring a rival to Bonny Prince Charlie. The Cardinal was rarely in residence, and the time came when Alfieri and Prince Charles Stuart's wife learned what true happiness meant. Daily the happy pair rode blithely across the rolling sward of the Campagna, while by night the greatest members of the Roman aristocracy, the heads of the noble families of Odescalchi and Rospigliosi, acted with Alfieri plays which his genius had penned! At last true happiness had come to Louise Stuart.

The Pretender's Widow at the Opera with the Third.

And what of Bonny Prince Charlie! In spite of his orgies, he refused to die, and leave his wife free to wed her poet-lover. In her letters she refers bitterly to the gift of life with which the once "Bonny Prince" was gifted, tenderly nursed by one of his natural daughters. Charles Edward Stuart went along his dissolute path for eight years, before death overtook him. But long before more trouble was in store for his unhappy wife. Dangerously ill, Prince Charles sent for his brother, and informed the Cardinal of his wife's illicit connection with Alfieri. At first the Cardinal could not believe his ears, but when his eyes were opened, he ruthlessly put an end to Louise's "paradise," and sent her forth to hide where she might. Alfieri was at this time in London buying horses, but his lady-love eventually reached him, and he rescued her from misery, and together they enjoyed a few years of felicity. Then death also claimed the only man that Louise of Stolberg loved. Bonny Prince Charlie's widow had many ups and downs in later life, and once, while on a visit to Rome, she was taken to the Opera by the man who had usurped her husband's crown and throne, King George III. She died in 1824, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria Florence, not in the tomb of the "Last of the Stuarts," but alongside the grave of the man who rescued her from Stuart's tyranny.

THE MAGNETIC GI

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The book, which is being distributed broadcast free is full of photographic reproductions showing how the forces are being used all over the world, and how ordinary human beings have developed powers which they possess. The free distribution being conducted by a large London institution, the book will be sent post free to anyone interested. [illegible] but those who [illegible] enclose 2d. postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of [illegible], Free Distribution Dept., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention Modern Life.

DERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

ews that we are to have another world's champion-lling match on the Thames in the near future is Ernest Barry will doubtless welcome the chance of

cing trim for the inevitable bid for the world's hip from Australia, Canada, or America during ar, and incidentally of picking up a few hundreds William Albany, the Lea man.

A GREAT SCULLER.

y met last, in May, 1911, Albany, who was then a g man, has come on by leaps and bounds, and is the second best man in Europe. Whether he is gh to extend easy and graceful Barry, who on the any rate, without making an apparent effort, seems man down about Harrod's, and go on to win with-rt, is another matter.

perhaps, with the possible exception of Hanlan, t artist who ever sat in a boat. He never seems g anything out of the way, and yet he can keep the fastest of opponents, even though you can see r glasses that they are tearing their insides out avour to get away. A bit behind at Harrod's and Hammersmith Bridge is his usual plan.

by Dick Arnst seemed to row his heart out in his but futile efforts to catch Barry between Hammer-Barnes, but Barry never seemed to hurry. That's e tells.

AS TO HIS CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

e specimen, and now that he has got used ay he is not one that Barry will under-estimate. t hard at work for the last few years, and last k an engagement on the Danube at Budapest. rs of that swift-flowing river he did a lot of scull-l at coaching. I saw him later on on the Thames Barry beat Pearce, and he told me that he r.

ming back from the race on the Press launch; lling against the tide. I could not fail to be his beautiful proportions. A loosely-built, lissom-t, he is a proper figure of a man, and a nice-p, too, as I daresay most of the women of his will tell you.

Barry I don't think Albany's chance is a great doubtless some rich lover of sculling has put up ry £500 for the sheer love of the game, and good to say most rowing folk.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

t of the Cambridge Rugby fifteen by the Harle-a disappointment to the Light Blues. improvement was seen in the play of the Harle-rds. They more than held their own, with the result that the backs were able to play the traditional Harlequin game, and in that case I should say the result would be the same against any club side. A good judge who saw the match told me that he thought C. E. C. Wood and C. Thorne were a trifle too selfish and spoilt good openings for Cambridge by not passing more to J. G. Will and C. Lowe, the wing men.

It was noticable that B. S. Cumberlege and J. C. M. Lewis, the Cambridge half-backs, resorted to the old practice of standing back or working the scrum as occasion served. This, it will be remembered, was the plan of campaign adopted by the famous Scottish International pair, Dr. E. D. Simson and P. Munro, with so much success. Perhaps in the present case it is done with a view to finding out which is the better man as scrum worker or stand off half. I fancy the Welsh International will take on the job as the season advances. Lambert and Birkett, by the way, were in great form for the 'Quins.

Oxford gave a distinctly good show against Richmond, but on the accepted principle that a team plays as well as it is allowed to do by its opponents, it may be said that Richmond gave a very poor display indeed. The Oxford forwards appeared a trifle short of practice. W. J. Cullen, who played as stand off half in place of F. H. Knott, gave a capital display. He is very fast, can take and give his passes on the run, and has brains. G. D. Crole, N. G. Jenkins, and E. D. Loudoun-Shand were all good in the three-quarter line, but the Eton Freshman, W. G. K. Boswell, has something to learn yet of senior Rugger.

N. Reid, who has gone to full back out of the three-quarter line, where he played against Cambridge last year, gave a really good show. Oxford are going to be hot stuff this year and Cambridge, with all their full team of blues, will have to be at their best next December.

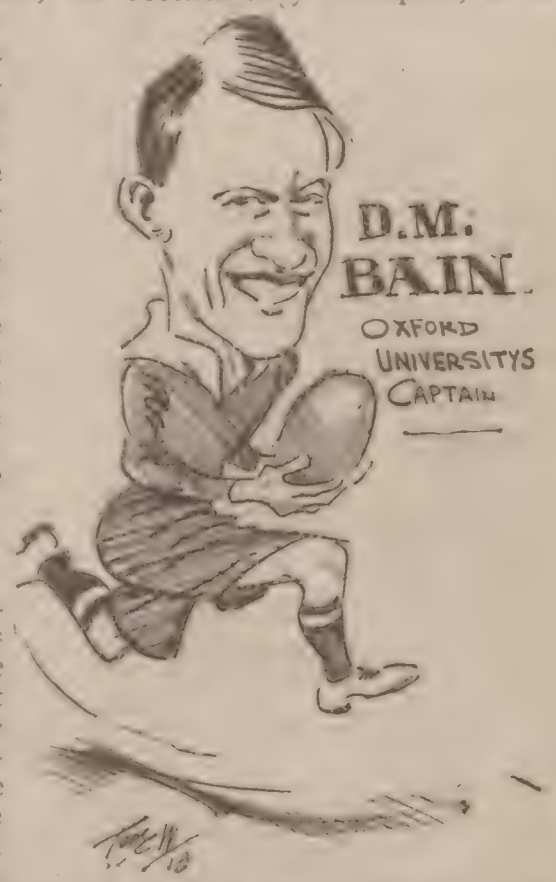
THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Hampshire have made a good start for the County Championship by beating Somerset at Southampton by 44 points to 14. The match between Cheshire and Northumberland, at Birkenhead, was won by the former county by a single point. The victory of the Cheshire men was the more remarkable because Gonner, one of their three-quarters, broke his finger when the side were five points down. They rose to a great occasion, and, getting a couple of tries before the interval, held on like grim death to their slight advantage.

LADIES AT GOLF.

At the Lady Golfers' Club, 3, Whitehall Court, putting competitions are held every month. On a crimson carpet there is an eighteen holes course, and prizes are given for the best score, and the best nine holes. At this month's meeting Mrs. Ronald Maclachlan won the eighteen holes competition with 33, and the best nine holes with 14. That Mrs. Maclachlan is as good on the course as on a putting carpet was made very manifest at the Autumn meeting of the West Drayton Golf Club when she won the competition for the best consecutive (sealed) nine holes with 43-7—36, and came second in the medal round with 77.

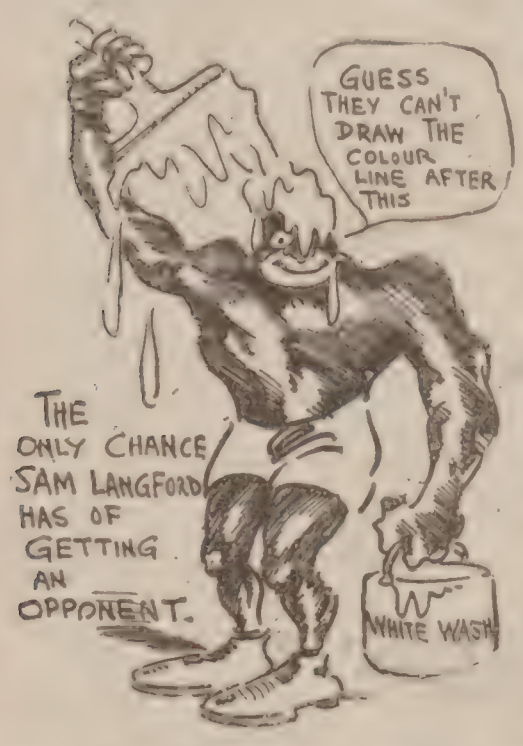
Miss Jean McCulloch, the Scottish lady champion, is in invincible form just now and is playing a man's game. She recently went round the Bearsden course in the Dumbartonshire Coronation Medal Competition in 77, making the trophy her own property. Her score beat the Ladies' Golf Union's par of the green by three strokes, and the previous record for the course by no fewer than eight strokes.



DUNCAN'S SUCCESSES.

George Duncan evi- golfer of 1913. His dently means to prove that he is the best failure to qualify for the Open Championship was one of the greatest flukes of the season, and time and again since the tragedy he has beaten J. H. Taylor, who eventually carried off the honours at Hoylake. Duncan's latest victory

was gained on the new nine holes course at Redditch, where he beat Taylor by 1 up after a match in which he was never a hole down. But more important still was his success a few days earlier, at Croydon, where, at the opening of the new course, Duncan with a marvellous score of 73 beat Reginald Wilson (79), James Braid (79), and J. H. Taylor (82). In another match in the afternoon H. H. Hilton and Robert Harris, the finalists in this year's amateur championship, receiving two holes start, beat Braid and Taylor by 5 and 4. The amateurs had a best ball of 68, which did not give the professionals much chance. How unlucky Duncan was in not qualifying for the open championship is being made more and more apparent with every match. He is beating them all, and Vardon and Ray must make haste back from the States or he will have usurped their positions of being the best draw in the country.



By the way, Ray has been doing big things in the States, and at the San Francisco County Club last week he won a professional handicap with a record score of 139 for the 36 holes, Vardon being second with 143.

THE BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Digger Stanley made no mistake about winning his match with Bill Beynon for the bantam-weight championship and the Lord Lonsdale belt at the National Sporting Club last Monday night. Generally speaking, it was a clean, well-feaight bout, but there was a good deal of clinching and holding, and Mr. Angle, the referee, once asked the men to stand up and box, and especially asked Stanley because of his greater experience.

Thinking that the request was a reasonable one, Stanley landed the little Welshman three rasping lefts without reply. On another occasion Stanley was told to hit with the closed glove and not with the front of it. He promptly back-handed Beynon.

It was an object lesson on the part of the winner of clever boxing, in which all the ringcraft learnt in twenty years of hard fighting were brought into requisition by Stanley. Beynon, who is a hard-hitting, sturdy boxer, was outclassed, as I thought he was last June when he got that remarkable decision against Stanley.

Afterwards, speaking about the belt which Stanley has now made his own property, he said, "It is my own belt at last. I did think I had won it last June, but Mr. Douglas thought I hadn't."

Stanley has a lot of trouble with his hands now, as a man who has done almost a working lifetime in the ring and in boxing booths all over the country might expect. Both of them went last Monday, and that was when he has to meet a tough fellow.

I have always regarded Stanley as the best of all men, and that with due regard to Jim Driscoll and Welsh. But he has so many of the monkey tricks annoys one in the ring-at-times, and gets abused quence.

CRICKET IN THE STATES.

Mr. Gordon Campbell, who has just returned from months' tour in Canada and the United States as a of the Australian Cricket Team, says that only in phia is the game played under decent conditions; places the wickets are rough. Although there is enthusiasm for the game, plenty of good young there is a disinclination to take any trouble in wickets. Mr. Campbell adds that so far from truth that the side was stranded during the most successful time. All engagements social side was such a success that they all and a substantial sum remained to their credit ment of all expenses.

BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Ski Club of Great Britain call our attention rapidly approaching winter season by announcing British Ski championship will take place at Saanen Bernese Oberland, during the week January 12 to championship is open to any British amateur, and sist of a long distance race over fifteen kilometres jumping competition, and will be contested under ish and Norwegian rules. The headquarters of the Caxton House, Westminster.

SOCCER TOPICS.

There is as yet no indication that the tion have accepted the terms of the A.F.A. tion, but doubtless it will take place this (Monday) at the Council meeting of the F.A. Jubilee Banquet.

Not for many years has a finer display of been seen in a club match in London than that Blackburn Rovers and the Spurs at Tottenham. The Rovers are lucky that they did not meet with defeat of the season on that occasion, but fate ordained Cantrell, that usually sure shot, should miss a penalty. The pace was a cracker throughout, but the Spurs were a bit weaker than the rest of the players, hence burn's three goals.

Little Walden and Middlemiss are great forwards Spurs this year, and Grimsdell, the left-half, is as the best in the country just now.

Bob Crompton, England's captain, manifested still the best full-back playing. His judgment was against the Spurs. Hodgkinson, the Blackburn outside will get his cap this year, and it is likely that Walden, and Crompton of the two teams will be by the Selection Committee of the F.A. be left out of the captaincy while he retains form. Who says youth will be served when tons and Stanleys about?

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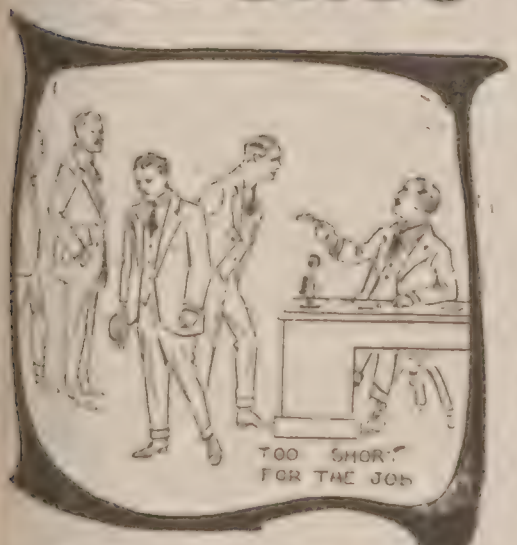

If lack of height is keeping YOU from attaining success in business or sport, do not regard the matter as a drawback which you cannot surmount, but take up my special exercises and increase your height by from two to three inches, as so many others have done.

The letters from students printed on this page furnish conclusive proof that my system can do what I claim for it. I have never met any of these pupils personally, and have given them just the same attention as I give to all my other students. Their full names and addresses will be sent to all inquirers.

My system does not consist of merely straightening you up, but produces real growth.

H. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in Height."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all-round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

W. B. F. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your System I have added approximately three inches to my height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 5 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

W. B. (Kenley) writes: "When I commenced your course my height was 5 feet 2½ inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4½ inches. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

R. I. M. (Cwmgwrach) writes: "I am very pleased with the results. I do not think it was a case of straightening me up, because I do not think anyone could be more erect than I am. I was once taken for a deserter from the Army two years before I enlisted, so you can judge from that."

I. M. A. (Belfast) writes: "My health never was better, and I have obtained a splendid all-round development. Even the people that come in and out of the shop say I am getting bigger and looking healthier every day, so I think that is something to be proud of, for before I took up your system it was quite the reverse."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

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Your health and general physique will be tremendously improved by my exercises, which will do these things for you at the same time as they increase your height.

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No drugs or appliances of any kind are used, and there is no possibility of overstrain, for the exercises are natural movements, though of a special character.

I do not undertake cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilage are less susceptible to increase, and a disappointed student would be no recommendation to my System.

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets are really hopeless; everyone seems to have got the blue funk, and investment or speculation on the part of the public seems to be a thing of the past.

* * *

The slump in Mexican Rails has reached very serious proportions, and the speculator who was induced to go in two or three weeks ago on optimists' reports must have had a very bad time indeed.

* * *

Fears as to the damaging effect of the political crisis upon the country's credit have apparently caused even some genuine investors to throw their holdings on the market, and there is a good deal of forced liquidation.

* * *

The Ordinary have dropped some 18 points, and the Second Pref. 25 points. This is an alarming slump, and can only be accounted for by sheer fright on the part of genuine investors who have been scared out of their holding.

* * *

I strongly advise the genuine holder of stock in this line not to dispose of it at the present price under any circumstances, for if America and Mexico come to blows, about the only railway that may not be affected, but will benefit, is this Mexican Vera Cruz Line.

* * *

Of course, investors must clearly understand that the rate of exchange is what has so far seriously affected the dividends, but on the other hand the traffic returns still show substantial increases, and I cannot therefore believe for one moment that the 6 per cent. dividend on the Second Pref. is in any way in jeopardy.

* * *

In my notes of October 5th I specially drew attention to the possibility of the Amalgamated Press distributing bonus shares to present holders of the Ordinary shares in this very flourishing publishing concern, and I now learn that the Directors have unanimously agreed to issue, free of all charge, three fully paid ordinary shares for every ten, as a bonus to present holders, and as the Company state that the profits are sufficiently large to pay the usual 40 per cent. on this additional issue, present holders may well be pleased with themselves.

* * *

The Amalgamated Press Ordinary have risen to 7¾, and they are being talked to £10 on the market.

* * *

North Caucasians and Spies have been very actively dealt in, and in each case show a substantial rise on the development in the Grosni District.

* * *

The steam has gone out of Rhodesians for the time being, although there is still a good deal of dealing in Chartereds, and the one or two other land shares that I referred to last week.

* * *

The best in the Cobalt group, which are still doing well, are Cobalt Townsite and Casey Cobalt.

* * *

Cobalt Townsite are paying dividends at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum, and 20 per cent. per annum has been paid on the Casey Cobalt.

* * *

There are dividends due on each of these companies early next month, and I give below the latest report, from the Cobalt Townsite:—

Cobalt Townsite.—Cable:—Estimated mining results for week ended 25th instant.—Value of production, £3,703; operating expenses, £1,768; weekly profit, £1,935.

* * *

The Sheba Gold Mine has recently enlarged the region of its property, and it is doing well, and paying dividends at the rate of 17½ per cent. per annum.

* * *

Simmer Deeps are at their present price on account of the recent strike in Johannesburg. They have an enormous amount of ore of a low grade. This is one of the Goldfields Companies, and owing to the fact that that Company has guaranteed the Debenture issue, it is obviously to their interest to see that this company is put on a dividend-paying basis as soon as possible. I look for an improvement in the price of these shares as soon as interest revives in the market.

* * *

My selections of Gilt-edged Investments for this week are as follows:—

Bank of England Stock, at 228, yield £3 19s. per cent.

India Government 3 per cent. Loan, at 75, yield £4 per cent.

North British Railway 3 per cent. Guaranteed Stock, at 74, yield £4 2s. per cent.

East India Railway Deferred "D" Annuity, at 150, 6d. per cent.

The above are all full trustee securities, and I would particularly call your attention to the high yield of £3 per cent. on the East India Railway Annuity.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

H. J. T.—I cannot advise you to have any business dealings with the firm you mention in your letter.

F. R. (Westmorland).—Sheba Gold are worth buying, as the directors have declared dividends amounting to 17½ per cent. for the year ending June 15 per cent. for the previous year. For the year ending June 30th the net profit was £55,582, as compared with £49,097.

Speculator.—Do not sell your Simmer Deep Shares at present prices, as they are bound to go much better, and the company in due course will be put on a dividend-paying basis, when these £1 shares will be worth to par.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE. BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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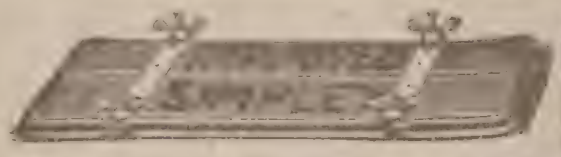

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10,000 7s. 6d. Safety Razors, with three Blades, in case; make useful present; 1s. 6d., postage 2d.—J. 82, Nicholas Square, Hackney Road, London.

Gramophone: 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, [illegible] wheels; purchased April: with records, £5 willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory. St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We cordially recommend this admirable system." Complete Course (12 lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. The St. Settef Co. (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

t brilliant colt Tracery has followed in the wake of Palatine, and has been retired from racing to go to d. Mr. August Belmont's fine thoroughbred during eer on the turf proved himself to be one of the best of his day, and his value at the stud should be tre-ous. It will always be an open question as to whether y or Prince Palatine was the better horse. Both won Leger, the Prince in 1911, and Tracery last year, and only occasion they met—in the Gold Cup at Ascot ar—Tracery was knocked over by a madman on the when he was leading five furlongs from the finish. alley, Tracery's jockey, said at the time that his mount velling well, and he was confident of success. Any-Prince Palatine won the race in record time, and there any people who maintain that the Prince was waiting ke his effort when Tracery went down, and that he have won in any case. By the way, Tracery will nce his stud career at Mr. L. de Rothschild's South-arm, near Leighton Buzzard.

another tragedy for backers was Cantilever's success Cambridgeshire. It was quite unexpected, as the 33 to 1 against him signifies. On his form against y his chances of success in the Houghton race were darly rosy, but a subsequent failure in the Duke of Stakes and the fact that he gave his trainer, C. Leader, deal of trouble in his preparation for last Wednes-ace, caused backers to leave him out of their calcu-Indeed, the report that he was coughing caused him egarded as a doubtful starter on the night before the

a sequence of surprising results as we have had this has not happened for years. The ever dissatisfied kers must have had a rare time as the following list uccess of rank outsiders shows: Queen's Prize (Kemp-Rivoli, 100 to 8; Lincolnshire Handicap, Berrilldon, 7; City and Suburban Handicap, Drinmore, 10 to 1; housand Guineas, Louvois, 25 to 1; One Thousand ; Jest, 9 to 1; Chester Cup, The Guller, 20 to 1; Jubilee" Handicap, Absolute, 33 to 1; The Derby, 100 to 1; The Oaks, Jest, 8 to 1; Ascot Stakes, 100 to 7; Royal Hunt Cup, Long Set, 100 to 7; Prin-Wales' Stakes, Lance Chest, 100 to 9; Stewards' Cup, nandale, 25 to 1; Goodwood Cup, Catmint, 100 to Leger, Night Hawk, 50 to 1; Duke of York Stakes, 100 to 7; Cesarewitch Stakes, Fiz-Yama, 50 to 1.

finish of the Cambridgeshire was a thrilling one, and heerful should make such a bold bid for the prize was prising, as on his form at Alexandra Park recently not a chance of success. It will be recalled that beat Florist in a trial before the Duke of York which the latter won. Then in the Wantage mixed Florist finished in front of Cheerful. All this is nfusing to the small punter who has to rely on the for his information. That consistent colt Santair the best of the fancied brigade, and, as in all his s season, Sir J. Kelk's colt finished in the first three. has yet to sire a winner of the Cambridgeshire.

most unlucky horse in the race was undoubtedly re, who was left several lengths at the start. Fairy for a long time favourite in the betting, but who went to 1 before the start, Bugler, and Equanimity also y away. Bugler was the "sharps'" tip for the race. a note of Tenbury, a four-year-old steeplechaser, Mr. C. Bower Ismay. This horse will pay for fol-later in the year, for he showed promise of making a steeplechase at the recent Sandown meeting.

Wootton is having great difficulty in keeping his down, and quite recently had to "waste" to make On this account Wootton may terminate his highly ul riding career at the end of the season. For some ootton and Maher have been our star jockeys, and retires from the pigskin the Turf will lose a bril-ist. Wootton has headed the list of winning jockeys ast four years.

, who won a hurdle race at Sandown Park the gained some fame on the flat by winning the tch in 1909. He was then a three-year-old, and the of Mr. J. B. Joel. Afterwards his legs went wrong, he won a couple of hurdle races at Sandown last his forelegs and fetlocks were encased in heavy . On Saturday, however, he only wore a on his near foreleg, and his owner, Mr. J. Coleman

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the well-known Epsom veterinary surgeon, was again congratulated on his skill in treating a horse whose racing career appeared to have practically terminated at one period owing to unsoundness.

Many old timers finish their racing season with the Houghton meeting, the last Newmarket fixture, but the average punter goes on with it to the end of November, and is then almost as keen on the sport under National Hunt Rules. Winners at this period take a lot of finding, for many horses are expected to earn their winter's keep during this last month of the flat racing, and fields are generally pretty large. Excellent racing is promised for the coming week when the Lincoln and Liverpool meetings are down for decision. The Lincoln fixture commences on Monday, when most interest will be centred in the Great Tom Plate. For this handicap Cuthbert, who has shown great partiality for the course on which he finished first in the Lincoln Handicap this year, only to be disqualified, is not badly treated with 7st. 11lb. Last year he carried 6st. 5lb. to victory in the same race, and he will probably win again. Percival Keene may provide the danger to Mr. Davis's colt.

The Blankney Nursery on the same day may be won by Llangeinor. On the second day Brotherstone may take the Chaplin Nursery. The Lincoln Autumn Handicap may fall to Lavaine, who would have won the Cesarewitch at this distance—a mile and a half. Thunderstone may win the Welbeck Plate.

The remainder of the week is devoted to Liverpool, where on Wednesday the Lancashire Handicap is an interesting affair and Washing Day may be successful. Whiteboy will run well in the Knowsley Nursery Stakes. Mediator may take the Stewards' Plate on the following day, and Entebbe the Duchy Plate.

The most important race of the week, the Liverpool Autumn Cup, will be decided on Friday. This prize may be won by Lord Derby's Willaura, who with 7st. 7lb. stands a great chance on this season's form. Scot's Saint is likely to prove dangerous.

Mix Up may secure the Croxteth Plate, and White Pawn the Downe Nursery Handicap. On the last day of the meeting, Saturday, Leal will figure prominently in the Ormerod Plate.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

The following aspirants to literary and artistic fame carefully to enclose stamps for return postage of their rejected effort—

J. R. D., Gorebridge (two sketches), P. D., Wandsworth (short A. W. F., South Wanstead (two stories); O. E. B., London, W.C. MSS); A. T., Teignmouth (short story).

This is to give notice that unless the above "goods" are not in ten days, they will be sold by auction to defray cost of We don't think!

Marmaduke.—Don't mind you having a shot at us with article gest. Please send name and address, as we don't care for contributions.

G. M. (Glasgow).—(1) Do as you like in the football don't tell us about it. (2) You can undoubtedly learn a black-and-white drawing by correspondence, if (and it is a have the root of the matter in you. We have ourselves work from such schools. Try the Northern School of Church Street, West Houghton, Lancs., or the Press Art School, Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Tindall (Sheffield).—When a lady affixes the stamp upon the a letter she writes you in the manner indicated it implies you a kiss. It is up to you to return it in person.

C. McC. (Govanhill).—Much interested in your letter re petitions. All the principal English journals, including Scottish entrants because it has been intimated by the that these competitions are considered illegal in Scotland. should willingly say "Let 'em all come—the more the merrier." looking into the matter in the new light afforded by your

G. B. (Harlesden).—Sorry cannot specify a lubricant for Better write the *Express* about it.

T. A. K. (Cardiff).—Editor out at lunch. Will reply next week.

L. V. (Shaftesbury Avenue).—Sorry cannot give you cinema Love Affairs. They wouldn't bare filming.

J. O'S. (Dublin).—Humbly confess joke re "too much Larkin was ours.

Filbertus (Mile End).—Glad to hear that "Association of agreed to take action for libel against *Daily Mirror*.

A woman may not even want to know her own mind after she had changed it four or five times.

* * *

After a man has loafed around a while waiting for ship to come in he is willing to compromise on a

* * *

How happy the average married man would be if he only half as well satisfied with his wife as he is with

Patrick O'Brien's Cambridgeshire Swee

RUN OCTOBER 29, 1913.

To the Drawer of the Winning horse .. £2,000 Divided amongst actual starters ..
" " " Second " .. £1,000 " " Entries (non starters)
" " " Third " .. £500 50 Consolation prizes .. ..

Drawn October 18th, 1913, Horatio Bottomley, Esq. (Editor of "John Bull"), presiding.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

Participants wishing to receive a full result sheet, post free, have only to send their names and addresses (the number of any ticket held) to **PATRICK O'BRIEN, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.**
The full result sheet has already been posted to those who have sent an addressed envelope for the pur

Absolute ..	30105	Cyklon ..	15581	Lance Chest ..	17265	Sands of Time ..	
Adam Bede ..	3615	Daly's ..	9705	Le Toquet ..	3441	Santa Bellis ..	
Agadir ..	21058	Desborough ..	58453	Light Brigade ..	9736	Santair ..	
Agapanthus ..	062	Drinmore ..	1438	Limon ..	21589	Seremond ..	
Ambrol ..	34137	Early Hope ..	37509	Long Set ..	4651	Short Grass ..	
Aurette ..	34161	El Tango ..	31370	Lorenzo ..	9319	Sir Martin ..	
Auri Sacra ..	24363	Equanimity ..	061	Maiden Erleigh ..	10880	Sleipner ..	
Bachelor's Hope	43246	Eton Boy ..	5492	Manley Hall ..	49998	Sobieski ..	
Bachelor's Luck	42398	Fairy King ..	40565	Marcellinus ..	36923	Subterranean ..	
Beethoven ..	20971	Florist ..	39332	Mercutio ..	56814	Sun Yat ..	
Berrilldon ..	3621	Hamerton ..	37609	Mohacz ..	69636	Talana Hill ..	
Bill of Rights	37239	Hippeastrum ..	35621	Moscasto ..	1376	Thistleton ..	
Blue Stone ..	1903	Honey Bee ..	19375	Mustapha ..	34119	Tripolette ..	
Bonbon Rose ..	40491	Jameson ..	40000	Oliver Goldsmith	52481	Tuxedo ..	
Borrovian ..	10060	Jarnac II. ..	10213	Oiseau Bleu ..	47222	Uncle Pat ..	
Bugler ..	37643	Junior ..	19520	Oselle ..	51178	Wagstaff ..	
Cantilever ..	3149	Khedive III. ..	68151	Outram ..	14223	White Magic ..	
Catmint ..	9329	Kingsborough	4791	Radio ..	39072	Whroo ..	
Charing Cross III.	62218	Knuck na Corriga	14936	Rather Bolder	13214	Willy Nilly ..	
Cheerful ..	2816	La Boheme ..	18045	St. Edgar ..	39440	Wise Mac	
Conamur ..	38622	Lady Galette ..	66477	St. Melruan ..	58354		

CONSOLATION PRIZES.

16274	70968	38981	76931	72574	61031	46030	9808
49585	61657	36920	65581	35692	23970	41755	9208
57263	9016	1753	31558	50013	21487	3591	29531
5234	62057	53546	21799	56466	14284	36962	12112
12085	60001	87	31538	22615	40492	77580	14789

67996
78510
60357
55077
42853

E OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

t a day this week in Oxford and noted a few points ter Man" readers.

* * *

Oxford, almost without exception, eschews any nat. London wears the soft felt in weird shapes and Oxford wears the natural thatch.

* * *

g through Tom Quad at Christ Church I saw two of novelty in foot wear. One man passed wear- and white socks, but another wore shoes and *no*

* * *

ould not be for economy. House men have ample It could not be for sake of coolness, for it was any- a warm day. What the idea was I do not know, e is the fact.

* * *

hop window in The High the latest in shirts was on hese were the prevailing soft shirts in a fairly thick terial, in self colours of light nut brown, dove and ade with white pearl buttons and turn-back cuffs, with links.

* * *

llars to match were soft finish, separate, not attached irt, double shape, with the long pointed corners g worn.

* * *

's idea in the wear of these long-pointed double to have a gold safety pin over the underneath tie d-ships on the points.

* * *

ime ago I recommended *Modern Lifers* to order of trousers with each suit, and to wear the trousers t, leaving the spare pair carefully folded.

* * *

ot every man who has the means or the fancy to e or four suits in commission at the one time, but one evening recently while a man who has both y and the means dressed to come out with me to

* * *

e trousers stage of the dressing he pulled off a ngish-shaped contraption with four spikes at the with neat brass wing nuts on each spike.

* * *

e the four nuts a rapid twirl with the fingers, and from between two boards a couple of stiff card- ets, and lifted from between them a pair of evening sers, looking as smart and dapper as if they had from the tailor.

* * *

slipped the two cardboard sheets into their old four more twirls to the nuts, and the operation

* * *

found was the Simplex trouser stretcher, and it is like its name, simple, and moreover handy and It would be a sensible Christmas present for any if any reader wishes to send me one I hereby use it and appreciate it.

* * *

letters from *Modern Lifers* this week asking a questions.

* * *

ngham man wants share of any information I have s to a school for valetry. Some weeks ago a corre- in Totton wanted to know of such a school. I thing of the kind, and wrote in this column asking der could give me information, or if any valet red to arrange a course of lessons.

* * *

wo men in different parts of the country should *Modern Life* wanting instruction in valeting shows is a demand, and there must be scores of men in ble and willing to supply the demand. Can some er retired or on active service, write me and I will in communication with these two anxious-to-

* * *

ull, Forest Gate and Penrith want some pointers overcoats, and I have written them privately. ordinary man wants in an overcoat is to be kept dry with moderate weight, smart but unobtrusive oth, and, further, a substance to wear and look veral winters.

To my mind, in buying an overcoat, excessive economy is false economy. The very cheap overcoat looks cheap in cloth and workmanship from the opening of the parcel to the grave. I have seen cheap suits that looked very passable, but an overcoat is a matter for several years' use, and to have one that looks "good" and wears "good" is wise expenditure of even a modest income.

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OUR GREAT OFFER! £4 a week for LIFE.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 29th, and for the first prize of £4 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 4 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 4.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON	v. BLACKBURN ROVERS.
BURNLEY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. BRADFORD CITY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v. ASTON VILLA.
PRESTON	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
WEST BROMWICH	v. EVERTON.
BRISTOL CITY	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
LEICESTER	v. HULL.
STOCKPORT	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON	v. BLACKPOOL.
LEEDS	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BIRMINGHAM	v. GRIMSBY.
BRADFORD	v. BURY.
NOTTS COUNTY	v. BARNSLEY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. FULHAM.
BRIGHTON	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
EXETER CITY	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORTHAMPTON	v. WEST HAM.
NORWICH	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
PORTSMOUTH	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL SEND YOU ONE FOR 1/- ONLY.

(See Coupon below.)

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel the Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read about my simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Loss of Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and to demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist ..... inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay postage.

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